

William Freeman
 Mr. Fleet Street. E.C.

LADY'S OWN PAPER

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MR. F. C. BURNAND.
OF the four, or at most five, playwrights who have succeeded in securing almost a complete monopoly of the London stage, the subject of our engraving, Mr. Francis Cowley Burnand, probably stands third in point of popularity, Boucicault and Robertson taking the van, and Mr. Byron coming fourth, or, as some think, fairly dividing the laurels with Mr. Burnand. Any way, the versatile and gifted author of "Ixion," "Black-eyed Susan," and "The Turn of the Tide," of the libretto of "The Contrabandista," and of the now famous "Happy Thoughts" and "Chickens Hazard" of *Punch*, will not be entirely unknown to any class of readers interested to the smallest extent either in the drama or music or in general literature, and hence we make no apology for the portrait we have given this week.

The son of a successful stockbroker, Mr. Burnand was born on November 29, 1836, and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. It was intended that he should follow the law, and to this object his studies were directed, his call to the bar being given in 1862. His theatrical and literary predilections were too strong, however, to admit of his holding to the legal profession, and he therefore turned his attention to more congenial pursuits, though, we believe, not without incurring thereby the wrath of his more matter-of-fact parent. His marriage, also, was in the same direction, his wife being Miss Kate Ranoe, a charming actress and a clever singer. It was while at Eton that he wrote his first piece, which was performed at the Worthing Theatre. This was followed, we learn from a short but well-written sketch in the *Musical Review*, by two farces "Romance under Difficulties" and "In for a Holiday," and to them succeeded a burlesque, "Vikings and his Dinah," first performed at Cambridge. Two more burlesques were produced at Cambridge, "Lord Lovel" (November, 1856) and "Alonzo the Brave" (1857), the latter being subsequently performed at the Brighton and Greenwich theatres. Mr. Burnand first contributed to the London boards in 1860, when, on February 11, a burlesque called "Dido" was produced at the St. James's,



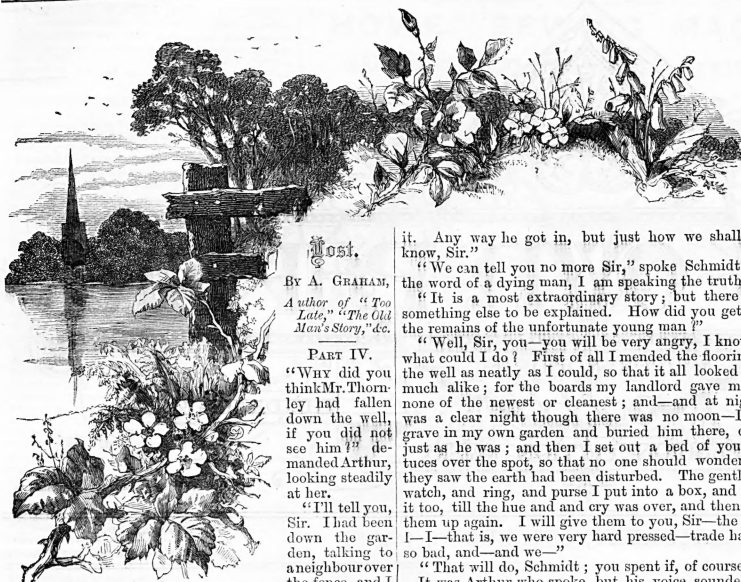
MR. F. C. BURNAND.

(From a Photograph.)

in which Mesdames Clara St. Casse and Wyndham and Mr. Charles Young appeared. This piece ran for sixty nights and was afterwards revived at the New Royalty. His next piece was equally successful. It was a farce written in partnership with Mr. Montagu Williams, and called "B.B." At Easter, 1862, a burlesque, the sole production of our author, called "Fair Rosamond" was played at the Olympic. Still keeping to the Olympic, at Christmas, 1862, Mr. Burnand produced his "Robin Hood, or the Forester's Fête." In the meantime, with Mr. Montagu Williams, he had written a number of farces: "Turkish Bath" (Adelphi); "Easy Shaving" (Haymarket); "Volunteer Ball" (Strand); "Carte de Visite" (St. James's);

simultaneously with Mr. Byron's burlesque on the same subject at the Prince of Wales. In the meantime Miss Martha Oliver had assumed the management of the New Royalty, and after playing two burlesques by Mr. Reece, she applied to Mr. Burnand to supply her with a like piece. Accordingly, in 1866, "Black-eyed Susan, or the Little Bill which was taken Up," was produced, and on March 20, 1868, the burlesque was played for the last time, after a run of 409 nights. The success of this piece is one of the greatest marvels of the modern stage. Mr. Burnand's later pieces for the same theatre are "The Rise and Fall of Richard III.," "Claude Duval," and "The Military Billy Taylor."

and a drama, "The Isle of St. Tropez." A two-act drama, "The Deal Boatman," the sole production of our author, appeared at Drury-lane, September 21, 1863. We have now reached the date of Mr. Burnand's first great achievement, the production of "Ixion." The success of this burlesque at once made the writer one of the favourite dramatists of the day. "Ixion" was followed at the New Royalty by "Rumpelstiltskin," which did not prove such an attraction as its predecessor, and this again by "Snowdrop" (Nov. 21, 1864) which obtained the approval it deserved, running more than a hundred nights. "Pirithous" (April 13, 1865) followed, but did not prove very successful, and with this piece Mr. Burnand's connection with the Royalty for a time ceased. About this time Mr. Byron having left off writing for the Strand, the management of that theatre naturally pitched upon Mr. Burnand to succeed the clever author of "Aladdin," "Ali Baba," "Ivanhoe," &c., as caterer for the public at their little home of travesty. In his, what we may call, first piece for his new home (though "Patient Penelope" had been played at the Strand, Mr. Burnand had not regularly contributed burlesques to the house) Mr. Burnand tried an experiment. This was the use of original music instead of popular airs. After "Wind-sor Castle" came "L'Africaine" (November, 1865), a very fair burlesque, and next a veritable Strand success, "Paris" (Easter, 1866). Mr. Burnand's next Strand burlesque was "Der Freischütz," produced



Post.

By A. GRAHAM,
A author of "Too Late," "The Old Man's Story," &c.

PART IV.

"Why did you think Mr. Thornley had fallen down the well, if you did not see him?" demanded Arthur, looking steadily at her.

"I'll tell you, Sir. I had been down the garden, talking to a neighbour over the fence, and I

think it was then he must have come into the shop. Directly I came back this young lady came in to ask about him, and of course I said I hadn't seen him. When she was gone I thought I would go and look at my husband. I was thinking how odd it was that the lady didn't seem to believe me when I said I hadn't seen her brother, when all at once, as I turned to go upstairs, I noticed that two of the boards were gone from the top of the well, and on the edge lay a man's hat. I don't know how it was, but the thought flashed upon me all in a moment like, and I ran upstairs trembling and told my husband. He recollected then that some queer noise had woke him up a few minutes before, but he hadn't taken much notice of it. He got up directly, and I wanted to run for a policeman, but he wouldn't let me.

"That was I was wrong," confessed Schmidt, recovering his voice, "but I was so frightened, I didn't know what I was about, and I had a great dread of the police. I thought they would think I had thrown him down the well myself, and take me up on suspicion. The well was not deep, barely twenty feet, and I tied a lantern to the end of a rope and let it down; my wife and I knelt upon the brink, and then we could plainly see the body of a man huddled up at the bottom.

"She said, 'Don't touch him till I fetch somebody'; but I wouldn't heed her. I said, 'While you are fetching somebody the man may die.' I fixed a grapping iron to a strong rope, and between us we dragged him up.

"I could see at once that he was quite dead, and I think he must have struck his head against the side of the wall in falling, for there was only two feet of water in it. I was dreadfully frightened. I didn't know much about your English laws, and I thought I should certainly be accused of murdering him. I couldn't for the life of me conceive, at first, how he could have got down the well, and I was sure nobody would believe me if I said I knew nothing about it, especially as people had said ill things of me before. There was a great bruise on his forehead, too, like the mark of a heavy blow. How could I prove that I had not struck it? I have heard that they won't take a wife's evidence either for or against her husband in a court of law.

"Then, in the midst of my perplexity, you came in and asked me if I had seen Mr. Thornley, and, hardly knowing what I was about from fright, I said 'No.' After that I did not dare to confess the truth, not even to get the reward."

"Your conduct was inexcusable, Mr. Schmidt," said Arthur; "I confess that I can scarcely comprehend it. Through your cowardly falsehood Mr. Thornley's family have suffered a lingering misery of suspense which might well have been spared them."

"Yes, Sir, I know. I am very sorry. I saw how wrong and cowardly I had been afterwards, but it was too late then to tell the truth. It has preyed on my mind ever since, and when I knew I must die I couldn't keep it in any longer; so I got your address, Sir, from your father, and sent for you, for I thought I should like the young lady to forgive me, if she could."

And this, then, had been the untimely fate of my brother Charlie—bright, handsome, loving Charlie. Even while waiting and watching for him in my first alarm at his non-appearance, the form I sought was cold and still in death.

I felt Arthur's loving arms tighten around me as I sat with my face hidden on his shoulder.

"I cannot yet understand," he said, "how Mr. Thornley could have met with so deplorable an accident."

"There's only one way we can account for it," replied Mrs. Schmidt. "I suppose he knocked on the counter till he was tired, and then went through the shop and looked into the sitting-room. When he saw it empty he must have thought we were all upstairs, and have turned into the passage, intending to knock at the wall. It is always dark, even in the daytime, especially if you come straight in out of the sunshine; and if he kept close to the farther wall he might have trodden on the loose boards without seeing them. How it was that they gave way with him I don't know and I never shall, but I think one edge had, perhaps, only just caught on the other side of the well, and when he stepped on it, it slipped in and he with

it. Any way he got in, but just how we shall never know, Sir."

"We can tell you no more, Sir," spoke Schmidt; "on the word of a dying man, I am speaking the truth."

"It is a most extraordinary story; but there is yet something else to be explained. How did you get rid of the remains of the unfortunate young man?"

"Well, Sir, you—will be very angry, I know, but what could I do? First of all I mended the flooring over the well as neatly as I could, so that it all looked pretty much alike; for the boards my landlord gave me were none of the newest or cleanest; and—and at night—it was a clear night though there was no moon—I dug a grave in my own garden and buried him there, dressed just as he was; and then I got out a bed of young lettuces over the spot, so that no one should wonder when they saw the earth had been disturbed. The gentleman's watch, and ring, and purse I put into a box, and buried it too, till the hue and cry was over, and then I took them up again. I will give them to you, Sir—the money I—I—that is, we were very hard pressed—trade has been so bad, and—and we—"

"That will do, Schmidt; you spent it, of course."

It was Arthur who spoke, but his voice sounded very faint and far away; every object in the room looked dim and blurred, as if seen through water, there was a rushing noise in my ears, a sickness at my heart, and then sight, sound, and feeling passed into utter nothingness.

It seemed to be years before a sense of life and being returned to me. I opened my eyes at last upon a pretty, quiet chamber and two faces—Arthur's and Kitty's— anxiously looking into mine. I had been very ill, they said, and must be still and rest. It was many days before I could do anything else, and I have since thought it a truly marvellous weakness that disabled me from brooding over Charlie's awful fate.

When I grew stronger I learned that his remains had been taken from their unmarked, unhonoured grave, and laid to rest in the shadow of our old church at home. Schmidt was dead, and his widow had left Blackmoor.

No further light was ever thrown upon Charlie's tragical and still, to some extent, mysterious death; but we thought it probable that cupidity, not less than fear, had to do with Schmidt's strange and most culpable concealment of the fatal accident—for an accident we were compelled to conclude it to have been—we could not refuse credence to the remorseful and earnestly poured-forth tale of the dying man. For the woman, I had, it would appear, wronged her in my secret thoughts, so liable are we—some of us at least—to prepossession in favour of, or prejudice against, a person, according to the agreeableness or the reverse of his personal appearance.

The watch, chain, and ring, which Schmidt dared not offer for sale—they having been fully described in the printed bills—were placed in Arthur's hands, but the ten pounds, which happened to be in gold—not notes—had long ago been made of service to him.

Years have passed since I heard the terrible story, and my Charlie is a tall, merry-faced youth, with bright hair that reminds me of another Charlie's, and "going in," as he calls it, for high honours at Eton; but never since then have I looked upon that house, across the threshold of which my brother, passing from light, and love, and life, went all unconsciously to his swift and fearful doom.

(THE END.)

Magnetic Patient.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PART II.



It was at about this period that Felicità arose on the horizon.

She was a little Italian singer—when Italian singers were not so common as now in the New World—with whom Mr. Knight and his wife chanced to become acquainted during their brief stay at an hotel of one of the great cities, and whom, on her husband's notion, Hortense invited to be one among her summer guests in the hospitable house, which was too delightfully placed not to be always

filled with friends, and which Mr. Knight liked especially to see overflow with cheerful company. And Hortense added a warmth to her invitation, thinking that the underpaid young singer would find the advantage of a summer in the mountains that cost her nothing, and that her accomplishments, should she choose to exert them, would add a charm to the season's entertainment. There was no smallness in this idea, for Hortense would have invited the forlorn little thing to visit her had she possessed no voice at all; and, as it was, she would gladly have paid her handsomely for every song that she should sing, had she not felt that this would be insulting; and meanwhile she knew very well that she would be quite at liberty to recompense her with gifts and jewels enough—not of the store with which her husband had enriched herself, she would not have parted with a sparkle of them for all the entreaties of all alien womankind—but those procured especially to gladden the heart of any young girl whose purse was not so large as her fancy. She need not have concerned herself—Felicità sang to no one but Mr. Knight, and only one song to him.

There was positively nothing in the child—a good girl rather than a vicious one—a trivial, thoughtless being, though rather vain of her own gift, rather angry with the world for not acknowledging it in a shower of gold; she had no beauty except that of youth, and as little intellect as she could get along with. Nevertheless, there was something interesting in the quaint and unaccustomed accent with which she spoke; and Mr. Knight, who had always fancied himself a hard-headed man, but who was not in the least so, could not look at the intense blackness of her somewhat melancholy eyes—melancholy more from configuration than sentiment—without having all the tropics, with their beauty and splendour, conjured up before him. He had never found the leisure from money making to travel, but now all the romance of Italy and the Apennines seemed to have travelled to him in the shape of this sorrowful girl. His thoughts dwelt upon her as they had never dwelt upon Hortense; his eyes followed her with a different gaze from that with which they were used to follow Hortense. The fact that she had memories unfamiliar to him gave her an atmosphere perpetually rare and strange, and into which his imagination was fascinated to penetrate. He read this and that poem to Felicità, who looked up at him with her great moony eyes, but had no more comprehension of the verses than if they had been Sanscrit—but the eyes answered all the purpose necessary. He told her countless small experiences of his boyhood and youth, which he had never dreamed of recalling for the enlightenment of Hortense, and the novel way in which they struck the foreign girl made them novel and doubly delightful to himself. He joined her, one morning following another, in her little sunrise strolls; he had always been an early riser. Hortense, though she saw them come in together wet with the morning dew, never gave the matter a thought. By-and-by he took Felicità with him day after day upon his drives; nor was there anything in that, either, fitly to alarm Hortense; the exigencies of her household, full of strangers, demanded too much of her own time to allow her now that old enjoyment of the long distances between the wool farms, with her husband beside her, high up on the mountain slopes alone, where she had always felt as if there were nobody but him and herself in all the world. Nevertheless, it did disturb her the least trifle, that might be—she said to herself that she didn't like the appearance of such things; but then Felicità was foreign-born, and knew so little of our ways over here. As for blaming her husband, Hortense would sooner have blamed the sun and stars. Now, then, it was Felicità with whom he paused, far up the steep height, to show her the rainbows spanning all a valley, the mists breaking away in rose and azure from a silver mountain peak, a hillside which lifted its long sheet of dewy turf glitter like the grass which Dante saw as green as freshly broken emeralds, till she might declare her purple heavens and timeless seas forgotten in the sight. When the darkness of the mountain shadows and the stars and strange stupendous outlines made her nestle nearer her companion in an involuntary awe; Hortense then perhaps would meet her husband at the door, with her smile grown a little tremulous, and at that Felicità, half aware that there was something wrong, would pour out voluble excuses for their detention in her pretty broken speech, till Mr. Knight silenced them, angered one atom by the tremulous smile; for the child was an innocent and pious body after her own fashion, and was quite sure within herself, or would have been, had she ever shaped the thought, that Mr. Knight's marriage, so far from being an impediment to her companionship, only allowed her the greater freedom in it. Time after time Mr. Knight saw Hortense relieving Felicità of her dew-damp wrappings and gently murmuring to her some kindly politeness, begging her not to speak of it, saying that she remembered how fagged the horses became on the hard roads, and how impossible to hasten, that night fell earlier now—time after time Mr. Knight saw the unnoticed

able little scene without knowing that he saw it; but by-and-bye, one night, as he stood looking at it in its recurrence, at his wife's sad face and listless movement, hearing her half-pathetic tones, he felt a sudden dislike of Hortense spring up like a poisonous weed full-grown in his breast, and he turned away, his eyes full of bitterness—calling her his jailer, and saying that he hated her—saying it silently, but so intensely that it seemed as if she might have heard it in the loud beatings of his heart that night the night long. But she heard no sound of it—she lay there only remembering the look of those eyes full of bitterness.

"You have never sung for me, Felicitá," he said, one twilight not long afterward.

For answer she rose and went down the long room, one end of which the sunset yet illumined, but whose other end was dusk in the rich glow of early evening and spiced with the breath of honeysuckle and sweetbrier, climbing round its windows that opened on the ground, and she drew forward a little way the great gilded harp that had been provided against such event. There were one or two guests in the sunset end of the room, but they were occupied with each other; and Mr. Knight, full of a strange fever of the blood, followed Felicitá and stood leaning against a pedestal half a dozen steps away, while her hand gleamed in and out the strings, and a sound arose as if the evening wind alone had brushed between them, swelling till her voice welled forth and dwelt on a sustained height of sweetness and sank away again in passionate minor tones, on which the tears themselves seemed to tremble. He could not see her face in the gloom, only the white outline of it, and the gleam of the great melancholy eyes; but her voice seemed to sweep around him the swathing folds of a dream—a dream that separated him and her from all the universe besides—a dream the breath of the sweetbrier heightened whose deliciousness, the glint of a star made which real. A terrible confusion and turmoil seemed to be seething in his veins; his eyes were fixed and he could not unfasten them from her; he could not recall the existences of another object than this singing-girl; his brain burned and grew full of blood to bursting.

Suddenly, Mr. Knight was on his knees beside the singer's seat, his arm across her shoulder, and the music had ceased to make the gloom divine. And just as suddenly a white-robed apparition glided through the window, and came and laid a second arm as heavily upon Felicitá. Felicitá felt it coming, and looked up. "Rise, if you please," said Hortense, briefly, to the girl; "Mr. Knight is ill."

It was quite true. Mr. Knight was indeed ill; the excitement of the last few days, of the last hour, with him, had developed a disease which uneventful seasons and tranquil emotions might have postponed for many years, and he was carried, raving, to his room.

The family physician, who had been summoned instantly, in the first half hour pronounced the case to be an access of unaccountable fever; in the next, indubitable insanity; in the third, demanded consulting physicians and the best there were in America; and a messenger had left to bring them almost before the words were well uttered. Unless the first stage of this singular seizure was its most acute one, it was difficult to fancy what horrid anomaly it might become when more violent symptoms should appear; now the wild cries of the man alarmed the house; now there were only unsyllabled ejaculations; but worst of all to Hortense was the look of unspeakable trouble and confusion which met her when in uncontrollable agony, she bent over him; for this wife was one of those to whom the marriage vows become a part of their actual identity, and she but loved her husband better and with a tenderer yearning because this trouble, and all almost this disgrace, had overtaken him. Yes, as if the sight of her were now obnoxious, it was only when he was unconscious, with his fancy whirling away among unrealities, that he would suffer her presence in the room.

During brief intervals of one or two hours Mr. Knight lay quietly in a passive possession of his faculties until the paroxysm of his disease returned, and one of these intervals had just elapsed, and the fit was on again, when the consulting physicians arrived. Their first inquiries as to whether the patient had ever received severe injuries having verified their suspicions, they had but little difficulty in deciding the trouble to be the formation of a bony process, incident to the healing of one of the crushing wounds made by the machinery at the time of his disaster, and with which, at last, the brain, partly by means of the increase of the formation, and partly by means of its own swollen blood vessels, had come into fatal contact. Although no absorbents were known to exist in the organ by which to dispose of the surplusage which flooded and drowned intelligence, yet the treatment by which it might be dealt with would be rendered futile by the promoting cause of the trouble, and the furious state must be followed by a sort of maceration, producing idleness and death, unless an operation were performed removing the bony process altogether, which, if it should succeed, would be a permanent cure, but under which in similar cases the patient had always sunk. Theoretically, there was no reason why it should fail; practically, patients had not been found with strength sufficient to endure it. Yet, in the one case was idiocy and certain death, in the other there was extreme suffering, possibly death, but just as possibly life, reason, health. Mrs. Knight must choose.

The patient had been gradually becoming tranquil during the consultation. Although apparently aware of her presence, he had not ordered his wife to leave him; and he now turned his hot eyes upon her with an expression that said he had heard it all; for it had not seemed important for the physicians to withdraw while his violent ravings took no manifest note of their approach or remaining.

"Life, life, on any terms!" sobbed Hortense. "On any terms!" echoed Mr. Knight, faintly. "I will not live to be an idiot." "The sooner it is done, then, the better," said the chief surgeon. "The pain shall be as slight as we can make it—speaking lightly as he could of the pure agony under which men had died.

"Must you bind me!" he asked, looking up at the preparation to do so, and already anticipating utter horror.

"Only—only to prevent accident," whispered Hortense, and essaying to call up all her strength. "Do not fear. I will stay here. I will hold your hand."

"I should like to see Felicitá," said Mr. Knight.

The words fell upon the heart of Hortense as drops of water might have fallen upon red-hot, hissing iron—tempering it, it may be, to the strength and sternness of steel. But that singing-bird had flown. Felicitá had packed her trunks, and was away the day before. Hortense had not meant that he should know; yet in the instant that she hesitated his servant had told him.

Mr. Knight lay still many moments then, while the surgeons were making ready in the adjoining room. In every moment of them all Hortense feared that, hastened by the words he had heard, the mad one would arrive, and she waited in her own misery—misery that might have been greater than his, since she, the wife that loved him, enduring already the loss of his love, had to behold besides his sorrowing for another. But now Hortense put ashes on her heart, and forgot herself. As for him, since this was so—since Felicitá had vanished out of his world, to leave her memory only like that of a bubble which has been pricked—he felt that neither death nor pain, nor fortitude, nor foolishness, were matters any longer of the slightest moment. But the supreme instant was close at hand. "Hortense," said her husband at last, "you are a good woman. You are a faithful wife; and I—I am thoroughly bad. The best thing that I can do is to die!" How she longed to throw her arms about him, to kiss his dry mouth, to weep with her face in the pillow beside him, only to be of any service now! but she dared not move or speak, lest the action might excite him again. She sat looking straight before her, with the faint, kind smile that she had summoned to her lips.

"And now good-bye," he said. "I—I do not want you with me."

"Oh, let me—let me stay?" she cried, choking down her sob. "Oh, let me stay!"

"No," he answered her. "I do not want you. I have pain to suffer, but I will not have the humiliation also of your seeing me suffer it. Perhaps we shall not speak again; so good-bye. You cannot help me, I say. Go!" And presently he added; "I do not want to live. I hope that I shall go out like a spark. You heard me. Go!"

And she rose, hiding her face, and went out.

(To be concluded.)

Robert's Leap.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY,
Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," "Paul Mascé," "The Waterdale Neighbours," &c.



In one of the few quarters of New York which innovation and progress have not touched, or which, to quote a famous phrase of Grattan's, "modern degeneracy has failed to reach," is a queer, quaint, mouldy-looking little old church-chapel. How old it is, I, unskilled in the archaeology of the region, have no means of knowing; but I should think it might well have echoed to the heavy tread of stout Peter Stuyvesant; for the houses which now nearly grid it round are themselves ancient of days—almost medieval for a place like New York; and yet they have evidently grown up gradually long since the building of this church or chapel. I say this is evident, because I take it for granted that no mortal ever yet set about building a church where there was not more or less of a clear space around it; and this little church is now blocked up on three sides with houses. In fact it stands, one might say, in a niche formed by the encroaching and almost encircling buildings. Its place is just a little distance back of a considerable and busy thoroughfare. You step aside into a little narrow and irregular gorge of small, decaying houses, and there before you stands the gate and the little churchyard, reduced now to a mere patch of dank grass railed around with a palisade of rusty and mouldering iron. Then you see the church, low, squat, square, built mainly of brick which once was red, but has failed to keep the natural ruby of its cheeks; with a very low and stunted tower or belfry; and a general aspect of sullenness about it as of a structure which feels itself out of date and out of place, but which, nevertheless, positively refuses to surrender to the progress of audacious change. Round the three sides of the church tall houses, swarming with population, have risen; and they have left so little breathing space for the venerable building that there hardly seems a clear way for a decent donkey-cart between its railings and their doors and stoops; and if one of them were to fall it would have no choice but to come crashing down into the churchyard. The houses contain, floor over floor, offices of small mysterious agencies for coal companies and building companies and such like; carpenters' work-rooms, artificial flower-makers, gold-beaters, beer-sellers; here and there a restaurant or a German conditoret; and that there are many laundresses in the region

is made evident by the fact that almost every roof is festooned with fluttering shirts, pantalets, and chemises.

In this dingy and melancholy region lived and bloomed a pretty girl as one might wish to see—Elsie Clairon. Elsie's grandfather and grandmother were French Canadians, who settled in New York, and Elsie now lived with her father and mother, the only child left to them; for her three brothers had gone West, and were farming in different states. Elsie's father was a watchmaker in rather a small way. He and his wife were persons of some education and taste, and they had had Elsie well taught. Among her other accomplishments, she had some gift of music, and actually now held the important and lucrative post of organist in the dear little church I have described.

Now there had once been a sad calamity in Elsie's family. She had a sister, a handsome, dark-eyed girl, too attractive and too restless for her surroundings; and she had been seen somewhere by a young man from a better quarter of the city, and she had gone with him to the park and to concerts; and the rest need hardly be told. The poor girl repented bitterly; and her parents would have forgiven her and still kept her with them, but New York was hateful to her; and as one of her brothers offered to give her a home she went with him, and her father, who had to part with her. We do not meet with her directly in this story; she is mentioned thus early for the purpose of explaining and emphasising the keen and almost morbid anxiety with which Elsie's father and mother watched over her as she grew to be a woman, and the beauty of her bright eyes and her graceful figure became more and more evident.

Elsie used to practise on the organ a good deal in the evenings, and even until it was quite dark very often. She had the key of the little church. She would lock herself in, lock the door, mount to the organ-loft, and there practise her playing; and her father and mother, who lived in one of the houses on the right side of the church as you looked from the open street, could hear the sweet, solemn notes of the organ, and they knew that their daughter's fingers were calling forth the music; and they were happy. Happier still, perhaps, were they when she thought she had practised enough and descended from the organ-loft, came out of the desolate churchyard into the almost equally desolate little churchyard, looked the doors behind her, and ran home, looking bright and winning and full of love.

But what a darksome, greswome place must have been that dreary church tower for Elsie Clairon to spend evening hours in! She must have had a good conscience, and been very little afraid of ghosts, to endure that place alone in the grey, grim, evening hours. To stand alone in the churchyard outside, even though there be houses all around, would be trial enough for some nerves at certain hours of shadow—and yet this girl sits alone in that awesome organ-loft and plays for hours, long after the stars of the summer evening have begun to look out. Take this particular evening, for example. It is late; the sun has gone down a full hour; the season is the very latest verge of summer; the night has already begun to drop its curtain of gloom; the clouds cover the sky so that no stars can be seen; the air is heavy, thick, surcharged apparently with electricity; there is evidently a thunder-storm approaching. Yet you can hear the tones of the organ distinctly; and when you hear them you may know that Elsie Clairon is sitting there in that doleful tower. It is very ghostly here—one wonders what it must be like there.

Well, the story-teller enters everywhere, and can take his audience with him, as the *Diabolo Boiteux* could carry Don Cleofas, and with Don Cleofas all the world of readers. We enter the church—and truly it is a dismal edifice. Things look far drearier within than even without. All is grey, gloomy, mouldering, sepulchral. The dismalness and darkness oppress the soul. How can Elsie endure the place? We follow the strains of her music till we find ourselves just on the last step of the tortuous, rickety flight of stairs leading to the organ gallery; and there we pause. We will not intrude; but we will listen while the pretty girl plays, and we will admire the courage which enables her to brave this spectre-haunted gloom.

Spectre-haunted! The word let fall carelessly must have a genuine meaning here. There positively are ghosts—for there is a figure sitting by Elsie's side! And she knows it, and is not afraid. She still plays on; her skillful fingers never pause in their thrilling labour; but the goblin speaks to her in low, whispering tones; and Elsie whispers back in reply; and their heads are sometimes very close together.

"Elsie, my love," whispers the spectre, "don't you trust in me?"

She looks sadly, lovingly at him, and whispers back:—"Trust you? Ah, if I did not trust you wholly, should we be here now together? Should I ever have allowed this to go on? Should I have risked so much? Robert, you know and Heaven knows—and only Heaven and you—how much I trust you."

"And you love me, Elsie?"

"Have I not told you so, more than once? And did you not know it even before I told you? I am no cold-blooded creature, to weigh every word I utter and guard every look—and you knew it, Robert, before you ever pressed me to tell you."

"I did, indeed; and therefore I loved you all the more. But since this is so, why will you not trust yourself to me—come with me and be my wife?"

She shook her head.

"Your wife openly, Robert?"

"Openly; yes, after a while—a little while, just. I have a strong reason for it; I expect to be very soon in a position to have a claim even your father will admit."

"Can we not wait until then? I shall not change."

"But it may not be so soon as I expect; there may be delays; and I love you so much, Elsie, that I cannot bear to wait. I want to be certain of you, come what will."

"And I love you so much, Robert, that I can wait and be certain of you, come what will."

All this time the organ kept on its playing, and gave

an accompaniment of solemn psalmody to the word-duet of the lovers. For the figure by Elsie's side was clearly that of a lover, and not of a ghost; and now we know why the young organist was not afraid of the desolate dark-nesses of the old church.

The lover pleaded warmly, passionately, vainly. At last it became so late that Elsie must go; and then their lips approached for one moment, and they parted. But here comes a strange part of the story. I have spoken of the old staircase which led up to the organ-loft. It mounted then a little farther up into the old belfry or tower. Now, when the lovers parted, Elsie came down the stairs alone, crossed the floor and then the threshold of the old church, went out into the church-yard, looking the door behind her and carrying away the key! Has she then locked her lover into that dreary, ghastly solitude for the night? It is certain that, after Elsie's departure, no man nor mouse crossed the threshold of that dismal edifice.

(To be concluded.)

Essays and Sketches.

[VANISHED AND VANISHING INDUSTRIES.*



PONDERING the other day over the adventures of the immortal John Gilpin, it struck us incidentally that accommodating and logical friend of his, the Calender, or Calenderer, must have followed an occupation which, though it is still a branch of industry, is now considered merely as part of a manufacturing process, and has fallen from the dignity of an independent trade. In the calendering, which is the art of imparting a polished surface to woven fabrics, was performed by hand, and was done by rubbing the surface of the stuff with some polishing instrument. People of humble means generally did their calendering at home, and we have a distinct recollection of the methods in use about the first decade of the present century, when the instrument used was a pebble perfectly smooth, and as large as the hand could well grasp; with such a polisher, the newly-washed curtains and table-covers were rubbed on a hard slab until the required stiffness and shining outside were produced. Genteel people put their calendering out, sending it to the calenderer's, where it was done in a more finished manner by a somewhat similar process, by hands who made light work of it, and worked for small wage. As machinery gained ground, it was found that the work could be done at once more effectually and with far greater rapidity by machine-moved mangles and the pressure of metal cylinders; the machinery did the work cheaper, and in course of time the calenderer by hand found it hopeless task to compete with the cylinders and the steam-engine, and eventually he gave up the contest. He made a fight, however, for his failing trade, and his signboard did not finally vanish from the streets, if we remember rightly, until between twenty and thirty years ago. Thus the calenderer's trade has ceased, or rather has slipped out of his grasp into that of the machinist.

Now what has happened to the calenderer has happened to a crowd of other industrials, who in the course of the last fifty years or so have seen their proper crafts swallowed up by wholesale processes, superseded by new inventions, or extinguished by changes in fashion and social habits. It will not be uninteresting to take a brief glance at some of these departing or departed occupations, and to revive some of the associations connected with them. Suppose we begin with pins. Pins are now more abundant than ever they were, and the consumption of them will continue to increase with the increase of population; but the pinmaker as he existed in the days of yore, and as he still exists in the popular mind, is a mere delusive phantom. He exists not now as a worker, but as an idea, and performs his part, not in cutting, grinding, heading, or polishing pins, but in illustrating the wonderful advantages arising from the division of labour; the fact that it used to take a dozen or more men to make a pin, and that such joint industry was most profitable, is too good a thing to be discarded by rhetorical people, though it has ceased to be true. So the pin-grinders, headers, &c., still figure in lectures and essays, though they have been long quiet in their graves, and the pins are made by neat little machines at the rate of two hundred and fifty a minute—of which machines a single child tends half-a-dozen. The writers who dote on this apt illustration forget that they have not seen a pin made by such joint labour for some twenty years past.

Among occupations which are clean gone never to return is that of flint-cutting for purposes of producing fire. No more flints for firearms, or for tinder-boxes—and no more making of tinder-boxes and tinder, the very mention of which brings back that ancient and domestic odour which used to penetrate and pervade the house on occasions after supper, when Betty was burning tinder in the regions below—and brings back, too, that other unfragrant odour of the brimstone match, redolent at times in the darkness of a winter's morning, and following the persistent "crack, crack" of the flint against the steel, which accompanied the difficult feat of striking a light. Connected with the tinder-box, too, is the vision of that "poor old man" of sorrowful memory, whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door, two or three times a-week, with brimstone matches for sale at six bunches a penny. The old matchmaker, formerly the most picturesque and most familiar of the street vagrants, has vanished as completely from the land as have the ancient Druids.

* Abridged from the *Leisure Hour* for November.

Contemporary with him was the cottage lacemaker, who wove at her own door—

Pillow and bobbins all her little store.

She, it is true, has not vanished altogether, like the poor old matchman, but, we were going to say, it might be better if she had, seeing that the lace-making machines of Nottingham and Tiverton have surpassed the delicate cunning of her hand, and have brought down the price of her products so low that she can no longer hope by—

Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
To earn a scanty pittance, and at night
Lie down content.

The pittance she now earns by shuffling her threads is so scanty that it would not pay for a place to lie down in, and she no longer looks to live by lace-making, but rather busies herself with her bobbins just to fill up the odd hours which would be unemployed in the intervals of more remunerative labour.

Straw bonnet-making may be assumed just now to have come within our category. In our young days, "when George the Third was king," straw bonnets were an institution looked upon as national. The straws were split and the substance platted in every middle-class house where there were rising families, and straw-plating formed the staple of domestic leisure work, much as netting and crochet do now. A hundred times have our boyish fingers been impressed for straw-splitting, while the lasses were plating round the winter fire. Then bonnets were bonnets, covering the head with a margin of a foot or two to spare, and presenting a sort of conically shell-shaped recess in which the fair face nestled in comfort. It is true that all sorts of changes were rung upon the fashions as years rolled on, and "straws" at one time amplified almost to the size of a coach-wheel, and at another shrunk to the dimensions of a coal-scuttle, which latter article, to say the truth, they much resembled in form. But they were real, substantial bonnets all along, and afforded employment for the straw-platters of Dunstable and elsewhere, until the present fashion crept in, displacing the bonnets by "oyster-shells."

Among the household changes which point to the decrease or decay of certain industrial pursuits, may be mentioned the introduction of the sewing machine, which in a single day will do as much work as a brace of busy seamstresses would do through in a week. Again, the knitting-needles, which, in our young days, were everlastingly busy, are now becoming rarities except in the houses of the poor, where the knitting of stockings is still carried on by the old or the crippled and blind incapable of other labour. Among the kitchen gear we no longer see the horn lanterns which used to light us about the garden or the streets after dark in the days when there was no gas; or if we do see them it is as relics of old, not specimens of recent manufacture. The making of that clear, transparent horn must have become almost a lost art. And what of the links a yard long which used to hang in the scullery, to be lighted on pitch-dark nights and foggy days? They are gone, though in some places the huge iron extinguishers are left behind, and still figure on the quaint porticoes of old-fashioned houses. Then one hears no longer the clatter of patterns about the house basement and the courtyard on rainy days, nor wonders at Molly's lofty stature as she stalks about amidst the sloppy torrent. Is pattern-making, too, becoming extinct? At our meals we seldom now set eyes on a plated article of the old type. Clever as was the process of spreading a plate of pure silver upon one of copper, and working both up together into the form of any article required, it has had to give way before the process of electro-plating, which produces the same result so much more readily and cheaply, and which deposits the silver upon the baser metal by a method which renders its attachment so much more durable.

Of the fine arts there is one which seems to be surely dying out, and the decline and loss of which we can but deeply regret. We speak of the exquisite art of miniature painting, which received a mortal blow by the discovery of photography, and has been lying by inches ever since. There is no hope that this art will ever revive or be again what it once was, and therefore we would advise those in the possession of good miniatures to make the most of them and preserve them with care, for the day will surely come when those of first rate merit will be prized as gems and diligently sought after. Such men as Robertson, Thorburn, Chalon, Ross, and not a few others who might be mentioned, will have no successors—it is impossible in the nature of things that they should have; a man must possess real genius and devote his life to the work to be able to do what these men did, and it is not to be expected that such men will enter the lists against a chemico-mechanical process which, after a sort, accomplishes in a few seconds what would cost them weeks or months of careful and delicate labour.

On looking abroad in the streets we might fancy at first that time and change had played havoc among the peripatetic industries, and that most of them had vanished. But it is not so. If some have disappeared, the mass of them yet remain, though they are not so demonstrative as they once were, for the simple reason that many of the old London cries have been silenced by the municipal authorities. Thus the sweep is obliged to mitigate his matutinal bawling; the newsman, who, in the days when news was a novelty, was in the habit of rushing along the highways, now blowing a blast on his horn, and now startling the street with the cry of "Great news! News! Great news!" has been bereft of his horn and doomed to silence, and in revenge has pretty generally relinquished the profession in favour of some small boy who throws the paper down your area, or pokes it with a joke at your bare-shouldered Abigail, as she sweeps the door-front. The law which silenced the street cries excepted from its operation the hawkers of goods readily perishable. Thus the tinkle of the muffin-bell, the explosive shout of the travelling fishmonger, and the long drawl of the strawberry girl, were never put down, but are heard to this day, even on Sundays. We may add, moreover, that the law is not very stringently enforced so long as the cries of any kind of wares conform to the policeman's views of propriety and keep moving on. Of the street traders who have really disappeared, the one we miss most is the

wandering piewan, immortalised by Hogarth in his "March to Finchley," and dear to the memories of many a sexagenarian, who, in times long past, delighted in his sweet and savoury wares. Not that the piewan has vanished, by any means; he has but quitted the streets, and, assuming the dignity of the tax-paying tradesman, has established himself in a shop. The penny pie is still an institution, and, if we may judge by the quantities eaten under cover, instead of *al fresco*, or sold over the counter to be consumed at home, is a more favourite refectation than ever it was.

If space allowed us, we might dissertate more at large on this tempting subject. In agriculture alone there is the room for a long chapter, seeing that the labour of the sower, the reaper, the mower, the thrasher, the drainer, are all verging toward the vanishing point, at the instigation of new machinery and cunning inventions. Again—every cotton and woollen factory would supply a multitude of instances, in which what was the labour of human hands is now monopolised by sinews of iron and steel; and every large establishment where industrial crafts are carried on would furnish similar testimony. Myriads of clocks are almost entirely made by machinery, and even of the machines themselves it may be said that the labour bestowed on their construction is not, as it used to be, the labour of human hands so much as of other machines.



THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Oh, memories of green and pleasant places,
Where happy birds their wood-notes
twittered low!

Oh, love that lit the dear familiar faces
We buried long ago!

From barren heights their sweetness we remember,
And backward gaze with wistful yearning eyes,
As hearts regret 'mid snow-drifts of December
The summer's sunny skies.

Glad hours that seemed their rainbow tints to borrow
From some illumined page of fairy lore;
Bright days that never lacked a bright to-morrow;
Days that return no more.

Fair gardens, with their many-blossomed alleys,
And red-ripe roses breathing out perfume;
Dim violet nooks in green sequestered valleys,
Empurpled o'er with bloom.

Sunsets that lighted up the brown-leaved beeches,
Turning their dusky glooms to shimmering gold;
Moonlight that on the river's fern-fringed reaches
Streamed, white-rayed, silvery cold.

O'er moorlands bleak we wander weary-hearted,
Through many a tangled wild and thorny maze,
Remembering, as in dreams, the days departed,
The bygone happy days.

ANON.

NEGATIVES.

BY ALICE CHARY.

In asking how I came to choose
This flower that makes my house to shine,
You seem to say, you did not lose
Your choice, my friend, when I had mine!

And by your lifted brows exclaim,
What charms have charmed you?—name their name!

Nay, pardon me—I cannot say
These are the charms, and those the powers,
And being in a trance one day,
I took her for my flower of flowers.

Love doth not flatter what he gives—
But here, Sir, are some negatives.

'Tis not the little milk-white hands
That grace whatever work they do;
'Tis not the braided silken bands
That shade the eyes of tender blue;
And not the voice so low and sweet
That holds me captive at her feet.

'Tis not in frowns, knit up with smiles,
Wherewith she scolds me for my sins,
Nor yet in tricky ways nor wiles
That I can say: Here love begins!
Out of such soil it did not grow;
It was, and that is all I know.

'Tis not her twinkling feet so small,
Nor shoulder glancing from the sleeve,
Nor yet her virtues, one nor all—
Love were not love, to ask our leave;
She was not wooed, nor was I won—
What draws the dew-drop to the sun?

Pardon me, then—I cannot tell,
Nor can you hope to understand,
Why I should love my love so well;
Nor how, upon this borderland,
It fell that she should go with me
Through time into eternity.

Lady Ramsay is causing several beautiful stained glass windows to be put in the Episcopal Church, Alth, in memory of beloved relatives.

Domestic Life amongst the Mormons.



Mr. KENNEDY, the popular Scottish vocalist, whose skillful rendering of the national ballads has doubtless charmed many of our readers, has, during the last three years been making a professional tour in Canada and the United States. Amongst other places which he visited was the Salt Lake City. There he had an introduction to Brigham Young and his wives and other Mormon notables. The night before embarking on his return to his native land, Mr. Kennedy gave a concert at Quebec, and during the interval recited the following interesting account of his experience in Mormondom.

I arrived at Salt Lake City on the 1st of July. On either side you come to it through a desert—a desert in the sense of land without grass. Fire had swept over it and left it bare and dreary—no water anywhere on it. You come through this desert to a land of beauty, of verdure. The lake is of a deep blue indigo colour, and sparkles in the sun like a fountain; it is thrice the saltiness of the ocean. As you approach it you see little running down to the lake; springs bubble up everywhere, as if coming from an enormous fountain, and green trees are scattered over the whole plain. Beyond the mountains, a mighty range of great height, but so clear is the atmosphere that they seem near at hand. On the plain the thermometer is at 100 deg. in the shade, and up there the snow-capped mountain looking down upon us. The city is on a level plain, touching the lake on the one hand and the mountain on the other. It is a city of suburbs; the houses are scattered, and each house has its garden and trees; the streets are wide and clean; water is flowing everywhere.

The place has a quiet, nice, genteel air about it. In the middle of the city—the business part—there are one or two blocks. Some of these struck me strangely. Over the doors was a large circular sign, with the words, "Hallowed unto the Lord." Beneath this was an eye painted, representing Omniscience, and below that these words, "Zion Co-operative Store." Some of these stores belong to the Gentiles, who do a good business, though they are not encouraged by Brigham. His motto is, "Work hard, spend little, but what you spend, spend it in our shops; don't encourage the Gentiles." But if the Gentile store sells for twopenny, and their own for threepenny, the twopenny store is sure to get the custom. The hotels there are managed as here, but they are not so large or so good.

While I was there I was asked to go and see the President. I found him in his office seated, with a number of visitors talking to him. He is sorely troubled with questions they come by every train, and bother him with questions more pointed than polite. I sat there silent for awhile watching the man. He is under size, 40 lbs. in weight, seventy years old, or nearly so; seems well preserved, hardly a wrinkle on his face, no appearance of being overworked, enjoys life abundantly. He seemed to me, too, keen, shrewd—almost, I might say, crafty—well able to manage, capable of conducting any kind of business—run a hotel or steamboat, command a regiment or a ship—do anything, in fact, that might be required of him. His eyes have a habit of blinking; you cannot see into them; he takes stock of you, but you cannot take stock of him; like a man standing behind a Venetian blind, he can see you, but you cannot see him. He took me up to his house, having first sent a messenger before him to see that the way was clear. We—my daughter was with me—were shown into a large room, nicely furnished—a piano in it. Brigham said he had to go to a neighbouring town on business—I learned he had wives there too; in fact, he has them scattered all over the country—and asked me to sing him a song. After the song a door opened, and in came an elderly lady, with a dark print dress and short apron, hands half-dressed; she had evidently come from kitchen duties. The President rose and formally introduced Mrs. Young. It is the rule that the first wife is introduced on all occasions. "We are the bosses," said an old Scotch lady to me, she being the first of her husband's three wives. Presently in came another lady, with a blue dress, narrow waist, black curls, which she shook in a coquettish sort of way. "Mrs. Young," again said the President. Then we had more songs, and by-and-bye the door opened again, and in came a flock of children, plainly, but neatly dressed. "Mr. Kennedy," said the President, "these are not all my children." Then he went amongst them as among a flock of sheep, and laid his hand on their heads in a kind, fatherly, patriarchal way. "This is mine," said he, "and this is mine"—and, feeling somewhat dubious, "Yes, this is mine." Then, says he, "As I have been singing me a song, I'll tell you a story. Tom, friend of ours, a very tall fellow, was standing close to the polygamy. Tom says to him, 'I don't believe in this polygamy. I can't understand it.' 'Well,' says the tall fellow, looking down on Tom, 'when I was your size I could not understand it either.'"

Then I was treated in the best possible way, and asked to go to several parties. I believe I had a better chance of seeing the social life of the people than nine-tenths of the visitors to Salt Lake. I found Scotchmen and Scotchwomen there in abundance; and there, as everywhere, whatever their belief may be, their hearts are open to Scotch songs. Burns is the key to unlock every Englishman's heart, wherever he may be. I found plenty of Englishmen there, too; Irishmen are extremely rare, and there are no Americans, except two or three who run the machine. The Mormons do not in conversation

avoid the subject of polygamy; on the contrary, they invite you to discuss it. The rule is that each man should have three wives; many have none, others only one, so that many have more than three. When a married man has formed a wish to have a second or a third, or a fourth or a fifth, or a tenth wife—it is the duty of the oldest wife to see after all the arrangements, and, in fact, to be the active agent of her husband in the matter. I told this to an old English lady, and says she, "I should like to see my husband dare to do such a thing." But they do it, and, strange as it may seem, the wives assist. Women go there from Scotland and from England, and other parts of the world, for the express purpose of getting married. For you must know the Mormons believe that a woman cannot go to heaven unless she is married. Suppose these women firmly impressed with that belief, and their conduct is quite intelligible.

I was invited one evening to a Mormon's house. It was a beautiful house, a perfect pattern of the house of a man of wealth and taste. I was, of course, introduced to the ladies—"Mr. Kennedy, Mrs. So-and-So; another lady, Mrs. So-and-So; another lady, Mrs. So-and-So; all the same name." They are all quiet and sedate; they seemed to me to be under restraint; they shake hands with you, but I never could get a Mormon lady to look me in the face—their eyes were always averted. See them in the street, they are never idly promenading, always walking; go into the house where they are, at work, not a single one will turn about to see you, they go on with their work quietly and soberly as if you were not there. They are all dressed in print gowns. The next evening, after the party to which I alluded, I was at another Mormon's house—a Scotchman's. He said to me, "We are not allowed to drink; but never mind, I have some good Scotch whisky, and you must make the toddy, and all the blame will rest on you." I went there, and we had the toddy and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly well. A group of ladies were chatting in one corner. I raised a glass, and advancing towards them, said, "Here's to the ladies; who wouldn't be a lady here?" One of them, who was nearest to me, said to me in a serious tone, "I wonder who would be a lady here?" That was all I heard from the fair sex on the subject; to me it was enough; it began to dawn on my mind that it was not all gold that glittered.

I met at this house the three wives of my former host, and in their presence he was courting the daughter of our host for his fourth. Our host had married six wives, one of them the daughter of Brigham Young, and Brigham Young's eldest son had married his daughter. I wonder what relation he was to his father-in-law. Brigham Young says in effect, "Young men, take warning, if you don't marry the young ladies, we old fellows will; so look out." Under this state of things, when a man has six or seven or ten wives, the children are apt to get mixed, and lose their parentage so far as the mother is concerned. So, to avoid this difficulty, they dress them differently—white, pink, blue, and so on. The life of the Mormon is sober, steady, characterised by intense industry, and economy, bordering on parsimony—work, work, work, everywhere. Still, the people are fond of amusements, and came out in numbers to hear the Scotch songs. One old gentleman I found is an elder there. He had thirteen wives, and was wanting a fourteenth. One of his wives, an old Scotch lady, said to me, "My man canna laugh now; all his front teeth are gone, and he wants to get a new wife, and has no chance till he gets a new set of front teeth."

So far as I could learn, the people are enthusiastic believers in Mormonism; they sacrifice very much to go there. I happened to meet with a young man there who had come from Scotland. He told me he and his father and brother believed in Mormonism, but his mother did not, and so they left her to go to Salt Lake—sacrificed their dearest affections. Right or wrong, they believe what they profess. An old elder among them said to me, "I was sent to Scotland to preach Mormonism; I nearly starved there; went to England; lost track of my friends; could not get any person to help me, and was compelled to rise early in the morning and pick up the crusts from the sweepings of the streets. That's what I did, and would do it again if necessary." Obedience, absolute obedience, is the rule. I asked Brigham Young: "What will you do when the whole power of the United States is launched against you?" Says he, "You don't understand us; those who, like us, have implicit trust in God, do not fear the face of man." But I found out that if it comes to that they will take ship at San Francisco for one of the South Sea Islands as their future and last home.

Mrs. Stowe is now, if reports be true, preparing the *True Story of Cleopatra*.

Philadelphia has, it appears, a society which is named after the Poet Laureate, and it has recently been notified by the reception of the following letter: "Sept. 9, 1869—Dear Sir, You have done me honour in associating my name with your institution, and you have my hearty good wishes for its success. Will the following Welsh motto be of any service to you? I have it in encrustated tiles on the pavement of my entrance hall: 'Y Gwyb yn erbyn y byd' (The truth against the world). A very old British proverb, and I think a noble one, which may serve your purpose either in Welsh or English. Your letter arrived when I was away from England, or would have been earlier answered.—Believe me, yours truly, A. TENNYSON."

The theatrical world, the *Orchestra* hints, is full of rumours of litigation. A dispute between Mr. Sothern and Mr. Byron is likely to come into the law courts, owing to the refusal of the former to play the part assigned him. Mr. Byron's new comedy, according to the bargain between them, Mr. Byron is reduced to play the part himself. Then hostile elements are busy about the Princess's Theatre. That house suddenly closed after the Saturday performance last week, to the astonishment of everybody connected with it; and it is said that an action will be brought against Mr. Boucicault for non-delivery of the play with the result of the season. The house has been open. This drama was to have been number two of the *Formosa* series, and the second explication that Mr. Boucicault, to use his own words, "has opened this thoroughly and means to keep it open." Altogether, what with free fights among opera singers in the provinces, and legal warfare at home, the theatrical community seems in a very exasperated state.

Theatres and Amusements.

DRURY LANE.—Belles of the Kitchens—(At Ten Minutes to Eight) Formos Borrowed Plumes. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—Founded on Facts—(At a Quarter to Eight) New Men and Old Acres—A Daughter to Mary. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Too Much of a Good Thing—(At a Quarter to Eight) Lost at Sea—Domestic Economy. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Among the Breakers—The Toodles—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Quite by Accident—(At Eight) School—A Winning Hazard. Half-past Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Treasure Trove—(At Eight) She Stoops to Conquer—Ballet. Seven.
GLOBE.—A Household Fairy—(At a Quarter to Eight) Not Such a Fool as he Looks—A Breach of Promise. Seven.
GAIETY.—Lichen and Fritichen—(At a Quarter to Eight) A Life Chase—(At Ten Minutes past Ten) Linda of Chamouni—Ballet. Seven.
LYCEUM.—A Kiss in the Dark—Hamlet—A Legal Impediment. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Jeannette's Wedding—(At a Quarter to Eight) Little Em'ly—Old Goodrich. Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Perfection—(At a Quarter-past Eight) The Turn of the Tide. Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Lottery Ticket—(At Eight) The Gamester—The Waterman. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Checkmate—(At Nine) The Beast and the Beauty—Sea-bulls. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL CHARIOT.—Cross—Room for the Ladies—Little Fils—(At a Quarter-past Nine) Very Little Fun, and More Mephistophiles—An Hour for an Hour. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrian Performances. Morning Performances Wednesdays and Saturdays at Half-past Two.
CIVIC PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TESSARD'S.—Workshop Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 31. SUNDAY.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
NOVEMBER 1. Monday.—Sun rises 6.55 A.M.
" 2. Tuesday.—Mich. Law Term begins.
" 3. Wednesday.—New Moon 11.35 P.M.
" 4. Thursday.—Length of night, 14h. 35m.
" 5. Friday.—Clock after sun, 16m. 16 sec.
" 6. Saturday.—Duration of twilight 1h. 57m.

Our Letter Basket.

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the Principal Railway Stations, and the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at all the principal Railway-stations, at Messrs. Smith and Son's Stalls.

ALL communications intended for the Editors should be addressed to him at the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet-street, E.C.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR FRANCE AND THE CONTINENT.

Yearly	24 francs.
Half Yearly	12 "
Quarterly	6 "

AGENT FOR FRANCE AND CONTINENTAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. Kinnear, 17, rue Notre Dame Des Victoires, Paris.

Any readers who may find a difficulty in procuring THE LADY'S OWN PAPER from their newsagents, or experience any irregularity in supply, are invited to communicate with the publisher.

* Our next portrait will be that of Lord Derby; and we have also ready portraits of Dr. Bonar (the well-known author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," &c.), and Père Hyacinthe.

SUBSCRIBER.—Where the walnut juice is employed for the purpose you mention it is usually prepared at home, the compounds at the shops mostly, we fear, containing deleterious ingredients. Why wish to use it at all? At the best, its effects are but transitory, and hence continued applications are necessary. 2. We do not know who is the publisher of the song you wish to obtain.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.—We are much obliged to you for your thoughtfulness in sending us the lines on the wreck of the Royal Charter, but they are scarcely of sufficient merit for publication.

MILLY (Dalston).—Yes, we shall publish a special illustrated Christmas number this year, to contain Christmas stories, games, charades, Christmas Cookery, &c. We are much gratified by your good opinion, and would thank you for the trouble you have taken to bring the LADY'S OWN PAPER before such of your friends as were not familiar with it. We shall be most happy to forward the specimen copies if you will furnish us with the addresses.

Mrs. A. C. A.—Pass a belt ribbon through slits in your circular, front and back, to confine it at the waist, letting the sides flow over the arm. Your purple dress should be short with tunic skirt and redingote.

L.—A bonnet of rich warm Lucifer-red velvet, with shaded ostrich tips and black scarf-veil, will suit your complexion. The alpaca dress for your sister should have a slight train, a sash, revers white, and coat-sleeves. White dresses with pinkie cloth or plush over-saque are worn by children just in short clothes.

K. A. S.—A high-crowned black straw hat, with turned-up brim trimmed with black velvet and scarlet cock's plumes, will be suitable with your black alpaca. Very small hoops will be worn.

AMANDA.—Put a puff of alpaca edged with silk on the skirt of your dress to outline an upper skirt. Three puffs below. Short basque with belt.

N.—An over dress of blue cashmere will answer with your checked silk.

LOVER OF FERNS.—Raising ferns from seed is easy, as may be inferred from the quantity of young plants coming up in all ferneries; but the seed is very fine, and will not be easily blown away. When the fronds exhibit signs of ripening lay the leaves on paper, backs downwards; dab the leaf, rub the fronts, and the seeds will fall off. Get ready a pan full of carefully-prepared soil; flatten the surface, and sift the seed on to it, sprinkle with a little water, and cover with a glass. Do not neglect watering, or let the surface get dry until the seed is up.

FRANK.—Make your alpaca dress with demi-train, shawl collar, and sailor sleeves. Trim with a puff of silk, shawl each side, and ravelled to form fringe. The hair on neck with band is best for winter dresses.

SUBSCRIBER.—Shorten your infant's long dresses, and let him wear white with coloured merino sacque for best; merino and flannel for ordinary use.

CONSTANT READER.—On silk skirts the pleated bands are five inches wide and merely turned in at the edges over

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London & Paris Fashions, Toilets, &c.



We touched incidentally on the subject of evening dresses in our last week's issue, but had, from want of space, to hold back details. Evening dresses, then, for ceremonious parties, may be either quite short or very long. For dancing dresses, many ladies hope to see short skirts with the court train that may be carried over the arm the prevailing style. Tunics,

over dresses, panier skirts, looped in the Pompadour style, low round waists, and the Maria Theresa dress of last season, will all be repeated. A trained skirt of a single colour, with a Pompadour over dress of white, striped with bright-coloured satin or else chine, with flowers in their natural tints, is a model made by Worth of Paris. Long skirts have from one to three side gores—only one being used for slight figures, and three sloped widths for larger persons. China crape is the handsomest material for tunics, but few dresses are made of it entirely. The appropriate trimmings are pleated flounces of itself and Valenciennes lace. It is much used for trimming light silks of the same shade. Tunics are also made of the grenadine gauze. Bindings and bows of velvet trim handsome evening dresses. A superb white faille has four flounces on the train, bound with ruby velvet; the pleats are in clusters, with a velvet bow between.

The Marchale Robe.—Empress cloth robes in patterns called La Marchale are employed for indoor toilettes. The skirt, just touching the floor, is of solid colour with cashmere stripes on the front width. Material for a short redingote is in a contrasting colour, with sash and revers of cashmere figures. Blue skirts have white redingotes; black skirts look well with sultan, green, or blue jackets. Soft Biarritz cloth, like empress, but with lengthwise cords, is in all the popular colours.

Velveteens.—Velveteen is largely employed for winter suits for ladies and children. It may be bought very cheap, but it is poor economy to buy such quality, as the glossy pile soon wears off, leaving the goods defaced and shabby. Twill-back English velveteen is the best. It retains its pile and colour through hard usage, and will outwear two suits of cheaper goods. Prune colour and navy blue are more often called for than black this season. Silk-faced velveteen with a finish like plush is admired for little girls' suits, bright blue and ruby being popular colours. Street saques for ladies are made of heavy velveteen, such as gentlemen wear.

Trimming Velvets.—Tartan velvet, silk-faced with cotton back, is sold in all the clan colours for trimming. It is cut bias for bands and pipings. Light-pile German velvet, supposed to be all pure silk, is shown in admirable blue-black and the fashionable dark colours. The French use this trimming velvet for suits, and it answers for gored skirts quite as well as wider goods. German velvet three-quarters wide is the most convenient width for cloaks and suits. Frosted plush, with waving pile like Astrakhan, is sold in bright colours for jackets and trimmings. Satin is not so popular as velvet for trimming, but there are many who prefer it to anything else. It will be more used for dresses and costumes than for garniture. Chenille fringe will have a prominent place among the winter trimmings. This is a Spanish ornament which goes well with the Spanish colours, that is, purple, orange, or capucine stripes on black. This fringe is generally of one colour, and is sometimes mixed with balls of jet or satin. When worn on double or triple tunics it is extremely stylish.

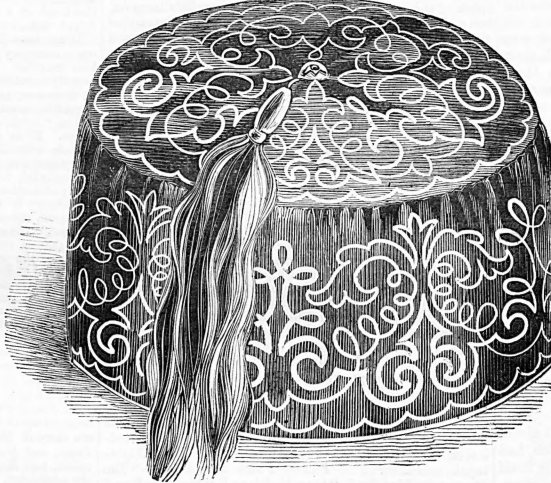
Cashmere.—Modistes are designing suits and wraps of fine glossy cashmere, such as is seen in the centre of India shawls, a very different fabric from the ordinary harsh cashmere, so like flimsy merino. French leaders of fashion wear graceful cashmere draperies over rich silk dresses, as a large Metternich of black cashmere with a gold galloon for theatres and carriage toilettes, but souché, passementerie, fringe, or gros grain quillings are in better taste than gilt.

Crinoline and Balmorals.—Hoop skirts are of most modest dimensions—seventy-five inches at the greatest width. They add nothing to the apparent size, merely serving to support dress skirts and prevent them from clinging to the limbs. These small, light, flexible hoops are so graceful and healthful that sensible people hope the fashion may continue. The "Monocrat" skirt—a Balmoral or muslin skirt with slender steel springs—is among the best in use. A combination of Parisian make is a muslin skirt of walking length, in which

light hoops are run, and a trained hoop skirt that may be buttoned on to wear with long dresses. This is expensive, however. Skeleton skirts are seldom used now. Tournures of hair-cloth in puffs and ruffles are worn to give the appearance of large hips. Crinoline or hair-cloth skirts, cut in narrow gores, with one or two box-pleated ruffles at the edge, and another at the belt for a tournure, are sold. But even these skirts cannot do entirely without hoops, and modistes advise that a flexible steel spring be placed in the hem to prevent the skirt from falling into large ungraceful folds. Ladies can make their own hair-cloth skirts at half the price asked for them. The material is moderate in price, and five or six yards make a ruffled skirt. It should be closely gored in front and at the sides, and measure two yards at the bottom. The rough seams must be flattened and faced with tape. Two straight ruffles five inches deep are on the edge.

Handsome quilted skirts, English make, are to be worn as Balmorals over hoop skirts. They are very light and soft, being made of black taffeta silk, slightly wadded and quilted in beautiful designs, and will be comfortable for winter use.

Sashes and Cravat Bows.—In Paris sashes are being



BRAIDED SMOKING-CAP.

gradually displaced by basques and lappets, but are still worn in America. The puff sash is of the dress material, held in puffs by straps; the panier sash is a pile of basque ends, pointed and fringed. When made of black velvet or silk peplum sashes can be worn with any dress. The sash most proper at present is of ribbon, seven or eight inches wide, black faille or velvet, or else in the Roman or tartan colours. It forms a voluminous bow of many loops with short wide ends. Reversible sashes, gros grain on one side and satin on the other, are two yards and a half long, the ends deeply fringed.

Cravat bows, handsome enough for dinner toilettes, are many loops of China crape mounted with butterfly tabs of Valenciennes lace. Pink, pale blue, violet, and straw-coloured crape bows with white lace are favourites. White crape is trimmed with Chambéry lace.

Laces, Frills, and Linen Collars.—Pompadour collars are worn with low-throated dresses and over very high corsages, to give the fashionable heart shape. The best are of folded tulle with Valenciennes lace, or else the Mechlin lace, which the French call Malines. This is simply the old-fashioned thread lace worn by our grandmothers. The Maria Theresa collar of point gauze is

Jewelry.—A locket and ear-rings are sufficient for a set of jewelry, since cravat bows have almost displaced brooches. The Patti jets—a ball of polished jet pendent from a ribbon necklace, and ear-rings of similar balls—are the newest style for mourning jewelry, both for ladies in colours and in mourning. Sets of dark red gold combined with the pale Roman gold are used for all but full-dress occasions. The designs are barbaric—long slender ear drops of balls hung by delicate chains, the brooches of Moorish crescents, with pendants tipped with balls. Enamelled jewelry, especially in turquoise-blue, will be much worn this winter. Sleeve-buttons are large and square. Wide, massive bands, like heavy fetters, are worn for bracelets. Sardonyx rings, with a pair of cameo heads on the long medallions, are beautiful and new.

Gloves.—New kid gloves show novelties in colour, but retain the popular designs. The styles for street toilettes are, first, the Duchesse glove, ornamented on the back with studs and fancy lacings; the favourite two-button glove, with welted wristband or a scalloped volante, and a longer glove, without a seam at the wrist, a fashion that makes any hand look slender. The shades to be worn on the continent with walking costumes of almost any colour, are Egyptian brown chestnut, and that handsome purple grey called elderberry. The fashionable dark reds—ruby, garnet, and maroon—and rich shades of blue and green, are used to match suits. With ceremonious visiting and carriage toilettes the gloves should be sardonyx colour or blonde; for the opera pale rose de Chine, salmon, and the more brilliant bird-of-paradise colour.

Long gloves, with three, four, or six buttons, are used with full evening dress. Delicate, flesh-like tints are more worn than the chalk-white gloves that contrast so unfavourably with any arms less white than alabaster. White gloves stitched with black are employed for mourning full dress.

OUR FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

BRAIDED SMOKING CAP.

Work from the design, which you copy on the material with a white chalk pencil, running over the outline with fine white cotton, and afterwards sewing on the braid. Use gold braid on the bright green satin called Metternich, or white silk braid on azure gros grain; line with cloth a shade darker, or braid with amber on the new bright violet-coloured cloth and line with amber sarsenet. The tassel must match the braid.

SILK AND BRAID TRIMMING FOR APRONS.

Trace the design with pen and ink on tissue paper. Tack it to the apron. Work the leaf with white purse silk and chalk beads. The device is completed with white silk braid.

CHILD'S GAITER.

Gaiters for children at this time of year are very useful. Light leather coloured cloth, braided with black, looks well; or with a dark merino frock, gaiters of the same colour, braided black and lined with thin flannel. The pattern is full size. To cut out the gaiter trace the pattern twice; cut one tracing open at the join in the centre, and leave the other centre. Allow an inch where the gaiter buttons over.

Our Work-table.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

EASY PATTERN FOR TOILETTE COVER, BREAD CLOTH, ETC.

1st row. 1 tr., 14 ch., miss 14, 3 tr. into 2 ch., 11 ch., miss 11. Repeat.

2nd row. 1 tr., 11 ch., miss 9, 3 tr. into next 2 ch.; 2 ch., miss 3 tr. of last row; 3 tr. into next 2 ch., 9 ch., miss 9, and repeat.

3rd row. 1 tr., 9 ch., miss 7, 3 tr. into next 2 ch.; 2 ch., miss 3 tr.; 3 tr. into 2 ch.; 2 ch., 3 tr. into 2 ch.; 7 ch., miss 7. Repeat.

4th row. 1 tr., 5 ch., miss 7; 3 tr. into 2 ch.; 2 ch., miss 3 tr.; 3 tr. into 2 ch.; 2 ch., miss 3 tr.; 3 tr. into 2 ch., 7 ch., miss 7. Repeat.

5th row. 1 tr., 3 ch., miss 3, 3 tr. into 2 ch.; 2 ch., miss 3 tr. Repeat from * 4 times

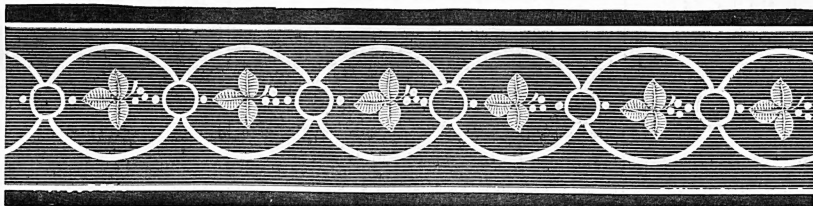
more, but the last time, instead of 2 ch., 3 ch., and miss 3.

6th row. 1 tr., 1 ch.; * 3 tr. into 2 ch.; 2 ch., miss 3 tr. Repeat from * 5 times more, then 1 ch., 1 tr. on tr. This forms half of a diamond, which is again decreased to a point like the first half.

When directed to work 3 tr. into 2 ch., make 2 tr. in the first chain and 1 in the second.

Previous to her departure for the East, the Empress distributed among her suite a number of albums, in which the impressions of the trip are to be recorded. The albums are to be presented to the Emperor on their return.

"Chillicothe Row" is a new American dish, whereof the ingredients are one prairie chicken boiled on toast, two dozen fried oysters, seventeen gizzards, and as many livers stewed with tomatoes, two pounds of beefsteak and a quart of coffee, stirred up and moistened with a hot apple toddy.



SILK WORK AND BRAID TRIMMING.

square in front, descending half way down the corsage, and fastening behind, where it is only two inches wide. A graceful sailor shape in fine point lace is named, like other novelties, for the favourite diva Patti. The large empress collar, somewhat in the Shakespearean style, is not new, but is handsome with velvet basques for concert and visiting toilettes.

Elizabethan frills of Mechlin or Valenciennes lace, or else footing in graduated rows one above another, are worn straight around the neck with high corsages. To be worn correctly these frills should meet in front without being fastened by a brooch or bow. A chain and pendant may be worn outside the ruffle, but distinct from it, and not as a finish to the frill. Ladies who retain the high-throated dresses, either for comfort or because their necks are not handsome enough to be displayed, wear linen bands slightly hollowed, and edged with squares or vandynes.

The Tourist.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN WALES.



(COMMUNICATED BY MRS. ALFRED WATNEY.)

LETTER IX. — RHAIAD-Y-WENOL, OR THE CATARACT OF THE SWALLOWES.

OF those, dearest Helen, who do the Principality with tourist tickets visit the CATARACT OF THE SWALLOWES, a waterfall of the river Llugwy, in Caernarvonshire, North Wales; and hence it is that I select it from many others down in my notebook, as the subject of this letter.

Having explored the lions of Bewtws-y-Coed, visited the old church, and examined the monument erected in it the morning after, I went to the memory of Griffith, the son of David Goch, nephew to Llewellyn, last Prince of Wales, and who is here represented by a large recumbent figure in wonderful armour, we decided to go our way to Dolwyddelan Castle, taking Rhaid-y-Wenol, and Pont-y-Pair (the Bridge of the Cauldron), in our route.

The waterfall is close to the roadside, but so concealed by trees and huge rocks that you do not see anything of it, though you hear the rush of water plainly, until having descended by a winding path you find yourself standing at the bottom of the chasm, from whence you get a most advantageous view of the fall. We saw it in perfection; there had been very heavy rain during the previous week, rain constant and soaking, such rain as one seldom gets for a week together in England during the month of July, except when a Sultan and a Viceroys come to visit us. This rain had considerably increased the mountain streams that fed the Llugwy—rills had become rivers, the current was very rapid, and the entire body of water fell grandly over the jutting rocks.

The chasm is certainly sixty feet wide, and there is an old legend connected with it, which the natives in the vicinity relate to all travellers possessed of inquiring minds. We had a gentleman in our party whose taste for the supernatural was rather a thing to be wondered at, seeing that he was not "a Welshman bred and born," therefore if there did happen to be any little romantic tale or superstitious story to be heard we invariably came in for it.

"The lord of Gwydir," once upon a time, was a very cruel man; he was what historians who wish to be civil call a freebooter, but what in our matter-of-fact way would be known by a plainer name. He fought with his neighbours; he made "Earn Helen," or Helen's-lead, a pass of terror, and I rather think that, according to Welsh tradition, Helen's father, Octavius Duke of Cornwall punished him well for his lawless conduct. He lost his senses, escaped from his own mansion, and after living for some days in the gloomy woods about Gwydir, threw himself over the rocks at Rhaid-y-Wenol, where his shrieks and moans are still heard in the roar of the cataract. This is not a cheerful story to listen to, on a dark day by the water side. An imaginative mind will easily conjure up bitter sobs and miserable yells, provided the narrator seems properly impressed by the truth of his tale, in the roar of the waterfall, and if one can but look fixedly for a few minutes into the dark depths below, I am not sure that the had Lord of Gwydir's photo may not be discovered therein. Pictures in the fire—why not faces in water?

The cascade is not one single sheet of water; it is broken by the rocks into three large falls, and these are again divided by smaller crags.

A sort of ornamental erection, commanding a view of the waterfall, caught W—'s eye. Another legend—more tedious of darkness done on earth recorded here. I could not help laughing, when, with crest-fallen face, he rejoined us. The

eldest son of Owen Gwynedd, lived there, and, on his father's death, claimed the crown of Wales; but the chieftains rejected him indignantly on account of this blemish, assigning to him the hundreds of Nan Conway and Ardwyl as his portion of the kingdom; and it was at Dolwyddelan that Llewelyn the Great, who reigned in the thirteenth century, was born. He was the son of Iorwerth Drwudyn, and most probably had, since the whimsical *Cymry* allowed him to govern them, a nose as handsome as our present Prince of Wales has. Dr. Wilson calls the nose one of the "five gateways to knowledge." It is a useful as well as ornamental organ, doubtless, but this was the first time I ever heard of a crown depending on the shape thereof.

David ap Jenkin, too, the Welsh Robin Hood, who clad his followers in green, lived at Dolwyddelan for a time; but another outlaw, Howell ap Evan, ap Rhys Gethin, and Meredith ap Jevan, two gentlemen of Wales in those days, the good old times, when might was right, soon drove his outlawship away to Penmorfa—and there he built a church, or rather removed one from the wood in which it formerly stood—so that he could march to worship escorted by twenty stout archers.

Dol-gwydd-Elan, like the Bridge of the Swallows is out of the beaten track, but the beauty of the surrounding scenery will well repay the tourist who seeks for them.

I am so glad you like the new magazine, *The Animal World*. Many friends of mine are interested in it, and I feel sure it will be of service to the good cause. It has been started to promote kindness to animals. Did you notice a little sketch (the scene is laid at Tenby) written by Mrs. S. C. Hall? Early impressions are very powerful. I well remember reading by a

vexed, for the lady (being in the inner room) I had not seen until just as she was departing early, in order to proceed to another reunion at Burlington House. Mrs. Hall's tales of Irish life had, at one period of my existence, been my standard of all that was beautiful and interesting in fiction. To see the author, to be in a room with her, and hear her speak, would then have been a dream too wild for my girlhood's imagination to picture, even in its grandest flights. I verily believe, I thought at that happy, ignorant time, that authors and authoresses did not speak and act in every-day life like ordinary common people. I must have belonged to the same genus as that as that dear old lady who laughed so much at the old lady who, on seeing the Prince of Wales eat strawberries at the bazaar held in St. James's-hall, exclaimed, "Caroline Jane, look at him, he eats them just like other people!" I feel sure Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, whose stall-hisroyalhighness was at, must have heard the remark, and I could scarcely keep my countenance in a properly decorous state when the same old lady—from the country evidently—came up to the stall I was assisting at and purchased a water-colour drawing sent by Lady C—. I told her the name of the artist, and quite expected her to cry out "Caroline, Jane, look here, she paints like any other person!"—Farewell!

FIREFLY.

The Ladies' Garden.

We have had the first touch of winter's power, and, brief as was its duration, it proved sufficient to cut down the dahlias, with marvel of Peru, &c., and these may now therefore be cleared away, the roots being dried and stored for winter. The labour is not thought too great, it would prove beneficial to give at this season a surface dressing of finely-sifted leaf mould or other rich material to beds containing old plants of polyanthus, and to all plantations of pansies, double violets, &c. This will not only tend to ward off frosts, but will materially assist the roots.

Look to the hyacinths that were put aside in glasses in the dark last month. Some of the earliest may be brought to the light; if any of the roots are diseased at the base and not started, take them out, well wipe them, and replace them in soft water with a small lump of charcoal. More bulbs should be put in pots and glasses to follow in succession. Where this has not been already done, as advised by us some weeks ago, the beds and borders intended for bulbs should be at once forked over and levelled, and the roots planted. Tulips may be planted about six inches apart, and the same distance from row to row diagonally, and about three inches deep from the upper side of the root. Each hole should be made with a trowel, and a little silver sand put in; the bulb should be placed in the hole and covered with a little more sand, the earth should then be levelled over and gently patted down, and the spade used. The following varieties are recommended in the *Chronicle* by an experienced grower, as being very distinct, and flowering well in town: Double Tournesol, yellow and red; double yellow rose, and double red rubrum, scarlet; single pottebakker, white; triton, crimson; and yellow prince. The hyacinths may now be planted in the same manner as the tulips, and when the planting is complete, the beds may be hooped over as to protect them from excessive frost. The following varieties are all single, but they are the choicest, and the best adapted for bedding: Amy, bright crimson; Robert Steiger, crimson; grand vanquair, pure white; Voltaire, waxy white; Charles Dickens, pale blue; William I., purple. The following varieties of crocus are all fine flowers and free bloomers, and make a nice edging round the margins of the beds, planted two inches deep and two inches apart, or in patches of five, two inches apart, in separate colours: Queen Victoria, pure white; Sir Walter Scott, lilac purple; David Rizzio, deep purple; ne plus ultra, light blue, tipped with white; proserpine, fine lilac; and large yellow.

Appropos of bulb planting we may refer here to Mr. Glenn's directions for arranging the colours, where whole beds are planted. Tulips, he remarks, comprise three distinct classes of flowers: 1. *Recesses*, which have various shades of red on white grounds; 2. *byblomens*, which have various shades of purple and lilac on a white ground; and 3. *bizarre*, which have shades of red, brown, purple, and almost black, on a yellow ground. The best arrangement of these is as under:—

Rose	Bizarre	Byblo	Rose	Byblo	Bizarre	Rose
Byblo	Rose	Bizarre	Byblo	Bizarre	Rose	Byblo
Bizarre	Byblo	Rose	Bizarre	Byblo	Rose	Bizarre

This arrangement has been found the best for effect, as both sides of the middle row are alike; and as there are tall and middling and short, the middle row is for the highest, and outside rows are lowest, so that, when well arranged, it is like a floral bank.

HYACINTHS.—Form beds of them, diversifying the colours, the same distance and depths as the tulips are planted. Arrange them as under, for we may calculate on so many colours:—

White	Dark Red	Dark Blue	White	Dark Red	Dark Blue	White
Dark Blue	White	Dark Red	Dark Blue	White	Dark Red	Dark Blue
Dark Red	Dark Blue	White	Dark Red	Dark Blue	White	Dark Red
White	Light Blue	Light Red	Yellow	Light Red	Light Blue	White
Light Red	Yellow	Light Blue	Light Red	Yellow	Light Blue	Light Red
Light Blue	Light Red	Yellow	Light Blue	Light Red	Yellow	Light Blue

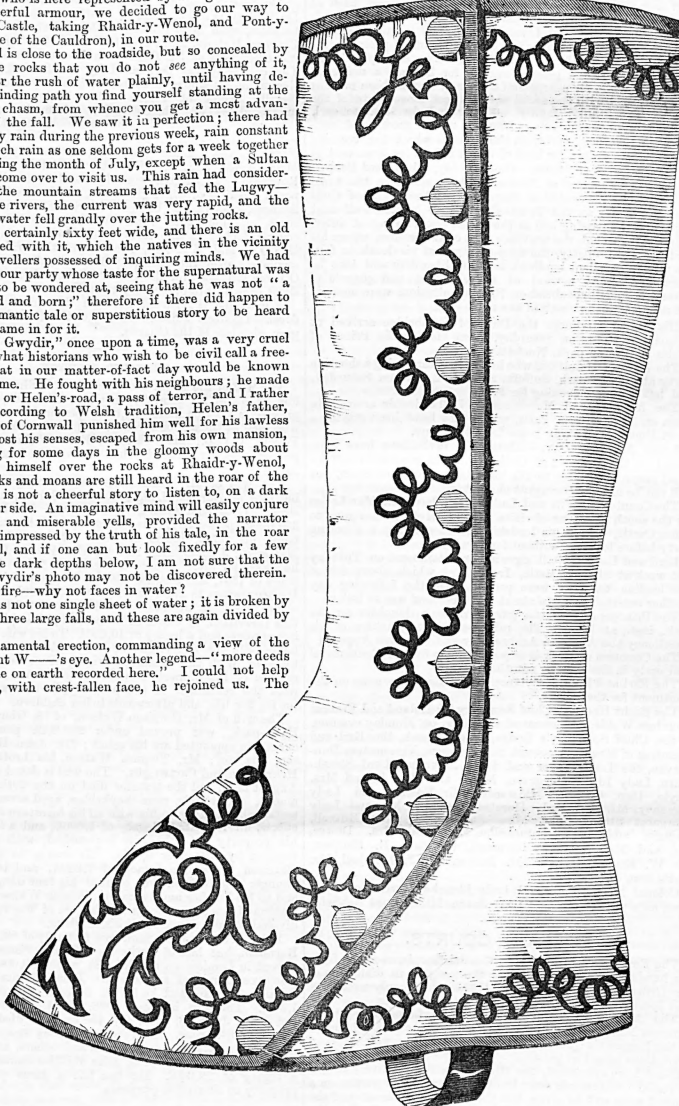
And so on, in any way, so that there are the same colours and diversity on one side as the other of the middle row.

The following directions for treating the greenhouse and frames are abridged from the *Gardener's Magazine*:

Greenhouse.—On bright days open all the ventilators, to cause a free circulation of air amongst the plants. Avoid using fire-heat as much as possible consistent with the safety of the plants, and give very little water to those that have finished their growth, or which it is desirable to throw into a state of rest. Plants in pits will endure short periods of frost better if kept well aired and moderately dry. In case of a severe frost, now to be looked for, light a brisk fire early in the day; give air while the sun shines, shut up early, and trust to covering up rather than keep the fire burning all night.

Frames.—The inhabitants of these will soon be infested with mildew now, if kept close or damp. Though nothing should go dust-dry, it will be best always to defer watering till the weather is clear and bright, and then water well the first thing in the morning, that the pots and plunge material may be somewhat dry before night; one good watering will go a long distance now. During keen north-east winds—not very prevalent at this season—soft-wooded plants suffer severely if kept very dry, and at the same time they will not then bear so much exposure as at other times. Keep the plants clean by removing dead leaves and cutting off the soft tops of any green shoots of geraniums, &c., which show signs of mildew.

There are no less than eighty paper-collar manufactories in the United States, in which a capital of at least three millions of dollars is invested.



BRAIDED GAITER FOR A CHILD.

monument was placed at the Cataract of the Swallows to commemorate the gaining of a lawsuit!

From Rhaid-y-Wenol—its high, well-wooded banks, covered with birch, oak, and hazel trees, rocky walls, and luxuriant wild plants—we went on rather reluctantly to Pont-y-Pair, a singular, fine-arched bridge; and then, passing the village of Dolwyddelan, proceeded to the old castle of "Dol Gwydd Elan," or "The Castle in the Meadow of Helen's Wood."

The Helen whose name is so interwoven with the history of this old ruin is supposed to have been the mother of Con- the Great, who was often called by the Britons looking husband (I recognised his portrait in THE LADY'S OWN the other day, and a capital likeness it was too) were there, but I did not know it until after they had left; then my hostess told me, in reply to an inquiry of mine, who the party were who had just quitted the room, and I was so

little passage in it relative to the cruelty of destroying birds' nests. I had up to that time been rather destructive, I fear, in my tastes; several rows of birds' eggs ornamented the walls of my play-room, and many families of poor little half-feathered creatures had died from over kindness (stuffing) on my part. It had never occurred to my infantile mind that the parent birds had feelings to be hurt until I read this story of Mrs. Hall's in an old "Keepsake." I was at an evening party this spring in town; there were a great many literary men and other celebrities present. Mrs. S. C. Hall and her clever, lion-like looking husband (I recognised his portrait in THE LADY'S OWN the other day, and a capital likeness it was too) were there, but I did not know it until after they had left; then my hostess told me, in reply to an inquiry of mine, who the party were who had just quitted the room, and I was so

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove out at Balmoral on Monday morning last week, and again in the afternoon, with Princess Louise and Prince Leopold, attended by the Marchioness of Ely. Their Royal Highness the Prince and Princess Augustus and Princess Amélie and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg took leave of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, and left for their residence at the Castle. The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell had the honour of dining with Her Majesty.

On the Tuesday morning the Queen and the Royal Family went out, and again in the afternoon.

The Queen went out on Wednesday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon Her Majesty and Prince Leopold, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, drove out. Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Hon. Mary Lascelles, went out riding.

The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal Family.

On Thursday the Queen went out with their Royal Highnesses the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold. The Dowager Duchess of Athole and Miss Moray arrived at the Castle on a visit to Her Majesty.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, walked and drove on Friday morning; and in the afternoon went out with the Duchess of Athole, attended by the Marchioness of Ely.

The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell left the Castle. The Queen, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, drove out on Saturday. The Royal Family also went out.

On Sunday the Queen, with their Royal Highnesses the Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service at the parish church of Crathie. The Marchioness of Ely, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, and Viscount Bridport were in attendance. The Rev. Dr. Taylor officiated.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor had the honour of dining with the Queen in the evening.

THE APPROACHING VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO THE CITY.—On Monday afternoon at a late hour the members of the joint committee appointed by the Court of Common Council to make the necessary arrangements upon the occasion of the opening of Blackfriars-bridge and Holborn Viaduct met at Guildhall in large numbers. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Deputy Fry and Mr. John Paterson, presided. The several recommendations agreed to by the sub-committee, which consists of the Lord Mayor and the two chairmen, were brought up and considered. No doubt as to Her Majesty's visit exists among most of the members of the Corporation; and from the replies of Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, it is deemed certain that Her Majesty will honour the citizens with her presence. At the meeting the committee on Monday additional gratification was felt on account of the contemplated visit of their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians to this country, and as it is apprehended their Majesties will arrive on the 4th of November, a general desire was expressed that they might be invited to accompany Her Majesty. It was resolved that seats should be erected on the eastern side of the new Blackfriars-bridge to accommodate 3,000 persons, and the same number will also be added to the viaduct, where seats will also be provided on either side. It has not yet been determined whether there will be a procession to escort Her Majesty from the bridge to the viaduct, as of course the Queen's wishes will be consulted upon the subject; but it is the wish of many members of the Corporation that there should be a procession, and that the bridge and viaduct, as well as the houses in the line of route, should be decorated. The committee were engaged a considerable portion of Tuesday in considering what part the various public bodies connected with the metropolis should take in the ceremony, and the number of seats to be appropriated to the members and their friends.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN JAPAN.—YOKOHAMA, Sept. 22.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has been received by the Emperor, publicly and as privately, and with marked cordiality—an event considered as unprecedented and of a highly gratifying character. His royal highness proceeds by the Tien-tsin route to Peking. A complimentary dinner has been given by the foreign residents of Yokohama to Admiral Keppel, at which the Duke of Edinburgh was present.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.—On Saturday the Princess Christian, Duchess of Roxburghe, and the Duchess of St. Albans drove to Ford Castle, the seat of the Marchioness of Waterford in Northumberland. The royal party took the English side of the Tweed, crossing Carham Burn, a small stream about three miles from Kelso, which divides England from Scotland. On passing the barony of Sprouton the inhabitants gave the royal party a very hearty welcome, the school children strewing flowers in the path of the royal carriage, while a fine bouquet was handed into the carriage to the Princess. The party changed horses at Cornhill, and drove at a rapid pace to Ford Castle, famous as being the place where King James IV. of Scotland was captured by the siren charms of Lady Heron on the eve of the Battle of Flodden. The field on which the battle was fought can be seen from the castle, and the castle itself is a fine specimen of a park of luncheon with the Marchioness of Waterford, and remained about an hour, and a little before three o'clock left on the return journey. The Princess and party visited Sir John and Lady Marjoribanks, at Lees House, where they partook of refreshments, and then drove by Hirsell House (the Earl of Home's), getting on to the Coldstream-road again at Birgham, and arriving at the castle in the evening.

The State apartments of Windsor are already closed to the public. The Court will remain at Windsor until after the 14th of December, that day being the eighth anniversary of the death of the late Prince Consort. The Queen, as usual, will spend her Christmas at Osborne.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE PRINCESS ALICE HAVE ARRIVED AT CANINES. The Princess has lately given the King of Prussia a bust of the Crown Prince, the work of her royal highness.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

On Saturday his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales left Ganton Hall, Norfolk, for Marlborough House. His royal highness travelled from Ganton to Norwich in an hour and a half, and left Norwich from the Victoria-station, probably with the view of securing greater quiet and privacy. The Prince travelled by the ordinary 11 A.M. train, the splendid saloon carriage built by the Great Eastern Railway Company for his accommodation being attached to the train. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Sutherland, &c., shot over the Ganton preserves for three days, and upwards of 1,000 head of game were killed. The weather was very unfavourable in the early part of last week, but on the Thursday and Friday it was fine and agreeable. The second visit to Ganton is expected to be of somewhat longer duration than that which has just terminated.

The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princess Louise, and Princess Victoria, attended by Viscountess Walden, returned to Marlborough House from Chiswick on Saturday. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, honoured the Gaiety Theatre with their presence. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Viscountess Walden and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel in waiting, attended Divine Service on Sunday.

The Prince of Wales went out shooting with the Duke of Cambridge on Monday near Richmond.

The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by Viscountess Walden.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Tuesday, attended by Viscountess Walden.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND;

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE LATE EARL OF DERBY.—The death of Lord Derby took place at Newbury, seven o'clock on Saturday morning. The news of Lord Derby's death was brought to Liverpool on Saturday morning by a mounted courier, who left despatches on the subject at the newspaper offices and at the Townhall, and soon afterwards the flags were hoisted half-mast high at the municipal and other public buildings, while many vessels in the Birkenhead and Liverpool docks also paid a similar tribute. The bells of the churches rang muffled peals during the day. Though the Earl's death had been anticipated, the actual event caused general regret, for he was a universal favourite, while for nearly half a century he had been more or less identified with the social and political movements of the place. The Stanley family, and particularly the late earl, derived enormous advantage from the recent growth of commerce in Liverpool, and from the demand which the creation of new docks caused for land of which they were possessed at the north end of the town. On Saturday, when Lord Derby's death was announced at Preston, all his tenants in the town either partially closed their shops or drew the blinds of their houses. A flag on the Townhall was also hoisted half-mast high, and the passing bell at the parish church rang at intervals. All through the northern part of Lancashire, where his lordship had property, the deepest regret at his death is felt. He was an excellent landlord, and his liberality will long be remembered. At several of the churches and chapels of Liverpool and Birkenhead on Sunday allusions were made in the sermons to the death of the noble earl.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived at Gloucester House on Saturday, from visiting the Prince of Wales at Ganton-park, Norfolk.

The Duke of Hamilton, who has been entertaining a shooting party at Easton-park, Suffolk, arrived in town on Saturday, and left the same evening for Paris.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde arrived in town on Sunday from Paris, where they have been staying a short time on their way home from Germany.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—About 800 invitations have been issued for the banquet at Guildhall on Monday. The procession will be in all respects suitable to the importance of the occasion, but will not be of an extravagant character.

The Countess of Fife and Ladies Duff have left Mar Lodge for the south on a tour of visits. The Earl of Fife has gone to Innes Castle, where his lordship is entertaining a shooting party before leaving Scotland for London.

Lord and Lady O'Neill gave an entertainment on Tuesday last week at Shanes Castle, Ireland, at which about 800 of the leading tenantry were present. On the following day another entertainment to about 1,000 persons was to follow.

The Princess de Sulmona gave birth to a daughter on the 20th, inst., at Rome. The princess is the daughter of his Excellency the Austrian Ambassador and Countess Apponyi. The Countess of Cork is expected home from a Continental tour early in the ensuing month.

The Earl and Lady Countess Grosvenor have gone on to the Continent for the winter.

The Right Hon. the Chief Secretary for Ireland and Frances Countess Waldegrave received at dinner, on Monday evening, at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix-park, the Earl and Countess of Horth, Viscount St. Lawrence, Viscountess Dufferin, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayress, Lord Strathgarn, Lady Lisle Waldegrave, Major the Hon. E. S. Boyle, Hon. Cuthbert Edwards, Sir Edward and Lady Strachey, Mr. and Lady Horatia Wardlaw, Mr. and Lady Margaret Stronge and Miss Stronge, Captain Russell, Captain and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Dowse, Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Cornwall, the Rev. R. Philpott, Mr. W. Braham, Mr. R. M. Bellor, Mr. J. Hatchell, Mr. Matheson, &c.

Colonel Morris, C.B., and Lady Blanche Morris have left town on a visit to Mr. and Lady Susan Milbank, at Ashfield.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The Empress, before leaving Constantinople, received from the hands of the Sultan Valide the insignia in diamonds of the Order of Osmanli Valide. Hitherto the only wearer of this decoration had been the mother of Abdul Aziz.

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* has the following: "The Princess Matilde will not go to Compiegne to do the honours to the Emperor's guests, as there will be no regular series of invitations issued at present. When the deliberations of the Cabinet have concluded, the Minister will definitely return to Paris. Afterwards some hunting and shooting parties on a limited scale will be given, but the duration of the stay of the Court at the château will not be decided on until after the Empress's return. At that period one or two series of guests will be received."

The accomplishment of the ex-Queen of Naples is expected in December. Although Her Majesty has been married ten years she has hitherto been childless. A subscription has just been organised by the Neapolitan Legitimists to offer Her Majesty a cradle and baby-linen for the child of which she is shortly to be confined. The sums contributed have reached a considerable amount, and about 50,000 fr. will be devoted to the purchase of the cradle alone. The French Legitimists are also preparing a similar manifestation in favour of the young Duchess of Parma, who is also in an interesting situation.

Four royal accouchements are expected either next month or in December—viz.: The Princess of Wales, the ex-Queen Sophia of Naples, the Princess Margaret of Italy, and the Duchess of Parma. The Pope has promised to be godfather to two of the expected infants, those of the Ex-Queen of Naples

and the Duchess of Parma. Francis II. and his Queen have been hurrying back to Rome, in order that the birth may take place on Italian soil. The accomplishment of the Princess Margaret will be celebrated by grand fêtes.

The marriage of Prince Charles of Roumania and the Princess Elizabeth of Newburg is to take place between the 10th and 15th of next month, at the Castle of Wied. The Prince and his bride will immediately after leave for Rome. We find the following in the *Leberer*: "The Princess Royal of Prussia, daughter, as everybody knows, of Queen Victoria, is the idol of the Prussian Army. In the recent manoeuvres at Stargard she covered herself with glory in charging, on horse back, at the head of a regiment of dragoons of which she is colonel, the famous Hussars de la Mort, who were beaten in that mimic encounter. The officers of the regiment, desiring to bestow some military honour upon the intrepid Amazon, are about to present her royal highness with a sword of honour, the work of the most skillful manufacturer in Berlin. On the blade these words will be engraved, in letters of gold: 'The Dragoons of the Princess Royal to their Colonel.'"

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On Wednesday morning last week the marriage of Sir Rainald Knightley, M.P., with the Hon. Miss Bowater, daughter of Lady Bowater, was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Pimlico, in the presence of a numerous assembly of the nobility and gentry. The bride was given away by Sir T. Smith. After the ceremony a *déjeuner* was given at the residence of Sir T. Smith, Upper Belgrave-place, Eaton-square. The bride and bridegroom left town in the afternoon for Northamptonshire.

The marriage of Mr. Horace Stafford O'Brien, eldest son of De Stafford O'Brien, Esq., of Blatherwycke-park, Northamptonshire, with Miss Eleanor Holmes, only child of the late Egerston Holmes, Esq., and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton Holmes, was celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, on the 21st inst.—viz., Miss O'Brien, Miss Alianora O'Brien, Miss Amelia Nevill, Miss Helen Annesley, Miss Thyrtwhit Drake, Miss Adela Knight, Miss Anna Waller, and Miss Eva Robinson; the dresses worn by the bridesmaids were composed of skirts of white grenadine, trimmed with seven small flowers, paniers, and bodices of cerise silk; wreaths of roses, and long, tulle veils. The bridesmaids also wore a bouquet in the form of a heart, bearing the initials H.S.O.B. and E.E.O.B., the gift of the bridegroom. He mediated after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Horace Stafford O'Brien left town for the Isle of Wight, where they remain a short time before proceeding to Italy.

A marriage is reported between the eldest daughter of a deceased general officer, formerly of the Guards, and an Irish peer, also late of the Guards.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Right Hon. and Rev. William Edward Pel-
lew, M.A., of St. James's, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, was proved in London under 35,000*l.* personality. The testator, who died on the 28th of August, was the fourth son of Admiral Fellow, G.C.B., first Viscount Exmouth, upon whom the peerage was conferred for his distinguished services in the Royal Navy.

The will of Mr. John Matthew, formerly of Greenwich, but late of Burford Lodge, Boxhill, Surrey, and 13 Park-street, Grosvenor-square, was proved in London under 350,000*l.* personality, the executor and trustees appointed being his relict, Maria Matthew; his daughter, Elizabeth; his son, John Gosling; and Charles Henry Hill. To each he leaves for their trouble a legacy of 200*l.* The will was made in 1861, and testator died on 7th August last, aged fifty-five. He bequeathes to his wife a legacy of 20,000*l.* and all his furniture and plate, his daughter being permitted to make a selection therefrom, to whom he leaves his philosophical and other instruments and a legacy of 10,000*l.* To his wife he also leaves for her life the enjoyment of his residence, Burford Lodge, together with the interest arising from one-third of the residue of his property; and the residue and furniture, with the remainder of the property, he leaves to his daughter for her life, and afterwards to her children.

The will of Mr. Harrison Watson, of Gloucester-square, Hyde-park, was proved under 200,000*l.* personality. The executor and trustees appointed are his relict; Mr. John Harrison Watson, his son; Mr. Thomas Watson, his brother; and Mr. Henry Edmund Cartwright. The will is dated on the 18th of August last; and the testator died on the 20th of the same month, at Oatlands, near Weybridge, aged seventy-one. The testator bequeathes to his wife all his furniture and household effects, an immediate legacy of 1,000*l.*, and a life interest in his property not otherwise bequeathed, with power of disposition by will over 6,000*l.* He leaves to his son, John Harrison Watson, a legacy of 7,000*l.*, and to each of his younger sons 6,000*l.*; to each of his four daughters 5,000*l.*; and to his brother and executor, Thomas Watson, 1,000*l.* The residue of his property, on the decease of his relict, is to be divided equally amongst all his children.

The will of Mr. John Saunders, formerly of St. Anne's Villa, Barnham, but late of Bathaston, both in Somersetshire, was proved in London, on the 6th inst. under 80,000*l.* personality. The executor and trustees are John Nesbitt Maitland and Thomas Morgan, and he leaves to each of them a legacy of 1,500*l.* The will is dated 1868, and there are no codicils, the last date being June 28, 1869. The testator died on the 14th inst., aged fifty-nine. There are numerous legacies and annuities to near relatives and friends and others, and also to his servants. To his grandson, John William Saunders, he leaves a legacy of 20,000*l.* He has left a large portion of his property to charitable purposes.

LORD DERBY.

BORN 1799. DIED 1869.

Withdrawing slow from those he loved so well,
Autumn's pale morning saw him pass away;
Leave them beside their sacred dead to pray,
Unmarked of strangers—only his own tell
How nobly Stanley lived. No braver name
Glowed in the golden roll of all his sires,
He was the heart that beat that fires
Or all their peers. He was the heart that fires
Alone half quelled his foe. He struck for Power
(And power in England is a hero's prize)
Yet he could throw it from him. These whose eyes
See not for tears, remember in this hour
That he was oft from Homer's song recalled
To frame some "wonder for a happy child."

—Punch.

Interesting Items.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck has graciously consented to become the patroness of the Richmond Cricket Club, and his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck patron. It appears from the past season's records of the club that the members have won twenty-four matches and lost five; and that the funds are in a very satisfactory state.

A bonfire and tar-barrel demonstration took place on Tuesday evening, last week, on the Rossbrien estate, of which Emily Gould, in honour of the marriage of his daughter, Miss Emily Gould, with Mr. Wynne.

TURKISH CUISINE.—The *Gazette de France* states that among the dishes composing the bill of fare of the dinner given by the Sultan to the Empress of the French on the evening of her arrival at Constantinople, was one composed entirely of the brains of ostriches.

A terrible double domestic tragedy is reported from Huron County, Michigan. A Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were one day at work in a field some distance from the house, having left their infant child at home in its crib. At length Mr. Hayes heard the child cry in an unusual manner, and anxiously requested his wife to go to the house and ascertain the cause. She replied that she thought the child would soon compose itself to sleep; and that opinion appeared to be correct, as the child's crying ceased, and the infant seemed to sleep. Nothing more was seriously thought of the matter, and at noon the husband and wife repaired to the house for dinner. But upon entering the room in which the babe was lying a horrible spectacle met their view. A monster serpent of the blue racer species had entered the open door, crawled to the cradle, and twined itself around the body of the infant, placed its head in the child's mouth, and thus deprived it of life. The husband, upon beholding the hideous monster, and comprehending its fatal act upon his child, in a frenzy of excitement turned upon his wife, whom he had bidden, while in the field, to go to their child, and without a word of upbraiding or warning, struck her a fearful blow on the head with the hoe which he held in his hand. She sank to the floor, and immediately expired, the blood from the wound having pierced her. The husband, finding himself wifeless, childless, and a murderer, rushed from his home to the neighbours, proclaiming his guilt, a raving maniac.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT NORTHERN LINE.—THREE PERSONS KILLED AND SEVERAL INJURED.—A terrible railway accident occurred on the Great Northern line shortly after nine o'clock on Sunday night in a comparatively short distance of the metropolis. A north-bound train leaves King's-cross every Sunday night at eight o'clock, and on Sunday night, as usual, the train, made up of an engine, two horse-boxes next the engine, several carriages and a brake-van, took its departure from King's-cross, containing about the same number of passengers as generally leave London by the train on Sunday nights. After passing Hatfield the train proceeds to Welwyn, twenty-two miles distant from King's-cross, and in the neighbourhood of Welwyn station a portion of the line branches off to Hertford. As is invariably the case with branch lines, everything, as far as safety is concerned, depends upon the setting of the points where the deviation from the main permanent way takes place, and at the place indicated the engine of the train in question, the horse-boxes, and two of the passenger carriages, got over the points all safely, but on the engine, the horse-boxes, and the train, the wheels of the engine and the consequent rebound of the wheels shot the carriage and those which followed it off the line. The melancholy result of the accident was that the carriage the wheels of which struck the points was smashed instantly, and its occupants dreadfully, and in three cases fatally, injured.

A PRISONER named Sottado, who has been recently sentenced to death at Vizagapatnam, pleaded "drinking mead today" as an excuse of his drinking and merriment, or six persons, two of whom died of their wounds. The agent, who found no extenuating circumstances in the case, writes to the Chief Secretary to Government about two brave native women who secured the prisoner, and who are to receive £1 reward each. It appears that the prisoner, after stabbing four persons, was resisted by a woman named Lakshmi, who clung to his arms as he endeavoured to use his knife, and, with her assistance, was rescued by her sister-in-law, who wrested the knife from the murderer. The two women then secured him until the arrival of the police. One of the women, although severely wounded, succeeded in putting out a fire which the prisoner kindled on the roof of the house, and exhibited this courage and presence of mind while her husband and his brother were lying wounded to death in the house.

A CASE OF CONJUGES.—A Jewish married couple in Prague were lately converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and wishing, with the zeal of neophytes, to leave the past entirely behind them, they resolved to separate, and applied to the Episcopal Vicar in Prague for a divorce. To their great disappointment they were informed that as marriage is accounted a sacrament in the Roman Catholic Church, the nuptial tie is indissoluble. The vicar, however, did not lose their presence of mind, but after their momentary discomfiture replied that a marriage celebrated by a Jewish rabbi could not be regarded as a sacrament by a Catholic clergyman. This argument was unanswerable, and at last the Episcopal Vicar declared the marriage might be dissolved, but only by a rabbi; which accordingly took place.

MISERABLE DEATH OF A LADY.—On Thursday morning, last week, a widow lady of very eccentric habits, who for some time had occupied two rooms in Milton-street, Vassall-road, Rixton, was found dead in her apartments. The deceased, who was above 70 years of age, was of very singular habits, and for days together she was not seen by the other inmates of the house, and would not converse with any person. The landlady of the house not having heard her for several days, gave information to an officer, and the room was broken open, when she was discovered dead in bed. A few dried crusts of bread, tied up in a rag, were all the remains of food found in her apartment. Her clothing was old and wretched. A large gold watch and 112 sovereigns were found sewn up tightly in her stays. From some old letters found in her box her relations have been communicated with. It is stated that she had a good income, arising from money in the Bank of England.

While the women of this country, says a contemporary, are writing and talking, their black sisters in India are silently but rapidly placing themselves on an equality with Man. A native female medical school has been established at Bareilly under the auspices of Dr. Corby and Baboo Gunja Pershad. The girl students are stated to have shown great quickness and aptitude for the study of medicine, and to have made considerable progress. An application has been made for Government aid, with the view of carrying out the experiment on a larger scale. It is surprising that women in this country have not directed their attention towards becoming hairdressers; the employment seems to be one peculiarly adapted for persons with fluent tongues and active fingers. They would also confer a benefit on the community at large by turning out to the labour market

a host of loquacious ganders, whose odious cackling forms an accompaniment to the clip-clip of the scissors with which they trim the heads of their victims.

The strike of the Paris linendrapers' assistants has led to the employment in many instances of young women.

The police have just prosecuted an old woman named Alice Cleggitt at the Westminster Police-court for crying watercarriers for sale on Sunday. The woman said she was so accustomed to crying her watercarriers, and she did so without recollecting that it was Sunday. Mr. Arnold said he must have proof that the regulations under which it was sought to obtain a conviction had been approved by the Secretary of State. The inspector wanted to have the case adjourned, but Mr. Arnold refused, and dismissed the summons.

At a recent meeting of the Bethnal-green Board of Guardians, the Rev. Sigmund Hansard, the Rector of the parish, stated that he was authorized by Miss Annetta Preusser, of Annesdale, Cumberland, to express her willingness to take charge of a number of destitute girls belonging to the parish of Bethnal-green, and to train them up as servants. She was willing either that the Board should remain the guardians of the girls, and pay a small sum weekly for their maintenance, or that she should adopt half-a-dozen of the girls, or take them from a limited number in the parish in which Miss Preusser lives there are, it appears, no poor, and she and her friends are desirous of doing what they can to benefit the poor of London. Mr. Hansard was authorized to inform Miss Preusser that the Board was willing to place a number of children in her charge, and to contribute towards their maintenance.

An inquest was held at Bristol last week on the body of Miss Emily Carr Robinson, daughter of the Rev. W. Robinson, vicar of Tytherton, near Thornbury. On the Monday afternoon she was walking in Park-street, Bristol, when a runaway horse and cart knocked her down and so severely injured her that death ensued. The horse had been left by the carter for a few minutes and suddenly bolted. A verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned.

A POCKET DETECTIVE.—The *Picaro* has the following: "Notwithstanding the strike of the shopmen, or perhaps from that very reason, there was a large number of customers at the Magasin du Louvre yesterday. This is the commencement of the winter season, and the female thieves are perfectly well aware that this is the period most propitious to their operations. All at once some piercing cries were heard from the midst of the crowd. Every one hastened to the spot, but the terror was changed to amazement as soon as the cause of the emotion was discovered to be a superb living crayfish, clinging to the fingers of a woman who had attempted to take a porte-monnaie from a pocket—not her own. Madame R. then told the persons present that, having been robbed last year, she had thought of this means of catching the culprit."

HINDOO LADY TRAVELLERS.—It is said that the proposal to construct special carriages for native females on the East India Railway has been approved of by the Viceroy. The carriages will be reserved for respectable native women, and are to be "first-class," but with lower fares than those of the ordinary first-class vehicles. It has also been recommended that there should be a European female guard and a European female ticket-collector for the passengers by these carriages; also that the railway company should see that every station is supplied with a sufficient number of palankins and bearers to convey these ladies on their arrival to their final destinations. An extra quarter of an hour may, it is also said, be allowed to the trains to which carriages may be attached, both at the starting and halting stations. At the starting stations it would be the duty of the European female guard to see that the passengers are well accommodated, their male relatives (if any) being provided for in an adjoining one.

How many, either of the "weaker" or stronger sex, could exercise, in like circumstances, the self-possession of a young girl in Devonport, who came home from a visit in the country, leaving her daughter, sixteen years of age, with two or three other smaller children, in the house. That night a burglar entered the house, and rummaged about generally. The young lady heard him, but lay trembling and quiet. At last the sounder entered her bed-room. She pretended to be asleep—lying with her face to the wall. The burglar went up to the bedside, bent over her, placed his hand under her cheek, and deliberately turned her face upward, and took a long look at it by the aid of his dark lantern. The young girl never moved a muscle, and the burglar left the face carefully back to its resting-place on the pillow, and left the room and the house. The young lady caught a glimpse of his face through her eyelids as he looked at her. He wore a mask, and that is all she can tell about his appearance. Nothing was heard from the house the next morning. By the way, how like this account to that given some time ago in our columns by Shirley Gerard, in the Irish story.

Mrs. Henry M. Field, in a letter from Paris to the *Evangelist*, graphically describes the preaching of Father Hyacinthe, whom recent events have made so famous. She says: "Merely to sign of his power, for it lay in the man, in his eye, his gesture, and his voice. In true eloquence there is something which escapes analysis—a power beyond words—a magnetism vibrant and subtle. To make you understand its effect, I must point for you that countenance so mobile, now grave and stern, and now wearing a look of ineffable tenderness. His gestures were full of energy and animation. There was intense life in every limb and every motion. Now he appeared as if he were the accuser of his hearers, then as if he were the friend of the sinner, and at such a moment you might believe that you heard another Savonarola thundering against the vices of the age. Then suddenly his tone changed and his manner became tender and almost caressing. It seems he does not shun Protestant society. Not long since he passed an evening at Madame Adolphe Monod's, and they were charmed with his dignity and courtesy. Although he goes everywhere in the dress of his order as a Carmelite monk, with his naked feet shod only in sandals, yet his bearing is as distinguished as that of a gentleman of the Court of Louis XIV."

A Horticultural School for Women is to be opened in the vicinity of Boston, as soon as the necessary funds are obtained. About twenty acres of land will be sufficient for the purpose, and to be used for the cultivation of small fruits and vegetables, and of flowers; the remainder of the land to be devoted to mowing and pasturing. The number of pupils will be limited to twenty-five, and they must be able to work in the garden or house, as required; but they will receive regular instruction in the school-room and at lectures. A matron will instruct the pupils in various kinds of house-work. A competent farmer will see that farming operations are properly carried on and labourers employed for all heavy work.

Another case of kidnapping was investigated by the Portsmouth magistrates on Friday. William Taylor, a labourer, was indicted for the abduction of a boy named Jarman, aged five years, the son of a publican in Portsmouth, in whose house the prisoner had been lodging. One afternoon both the prisoner and the child disappeared, and a day or two afterwards a police sergeant saw Taylor trying to force the boy to beg at Fareham.

Suspecting something was wrong, he questioned the prisoner, who eventually admitted that he had stolen the child. He was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. A gratuity of 40s. was awarded to the sergeant.

Considerable sensation has been caused in the Austrian Empire by the outspoken declarations of the Abbé Rudi Kuti at the Roman Catholic Congress at Pesth. He has irritated Father Hyacinthe, and before the Primate and eleven other bishops stated that a most important crisis had arrived. He asked whether the eight millions of Catholics in Hungary were to become the allies of Ultramontanism, or whether they belonged to the liberal Catholic party. For himself, he had no hesitation whatever in stating he belonged to the liberal Catholics.

A ROMANTIC STORY.—Some time ago a young man was received, by the express order of His Majesty the King of Prussia, as candidate for an ensign's commission, into the 2nd Company of the 1st Battalion of the 9th Regiment, in Stargard, the same company in which his grandfather had served as a subaltern officer during the war of liberation against the French, and bravely won the Iron Cross and the Russian Order of St. George. This lady, who was called Augusta Frederick Krüger, was a native of Friedland, in Mecklenburg; and not content with offering, like many other of her countrywomen, her trinkets and flowing locks on the altar of patriotism, she entered the ranks as a volunteer under the name of "Liebeck," and distinguished herself by her intrepidity on many a hard-fought field. On the 23rd of October, 1815, she received her discharge, and her services were mentioned in this document in the most flattering terms. In January, 1816, being present, in the garments of her sex, at the festival of the Order of the Iron Cross, held at Berlin, she attracted the attention of an officer of Lanciers, called Carl Kohler, to whom she was married in the garrison church of Berlin on the 5th of March of the same year. The church on this occasion was densely packed with spectators, all anxious to witness the marriage. The bride wore on her breast the orders she had so honourably won, which, with her hair, still rather short for a woman, were the only indications of her former military career.

"You continue to publish letters on Dr. Temple's nomination, from which it becomes increasingly clear that although the Evangelicals dislike the Bishop-nominate, they dislike Dr. Pusey and his friends much more. The Dean of Ripon, Dr. McNeill, says plainly that from the time Dr. Pusey published his 'Erection' he has 'considered him more really dangerous to the best interests of our reformed Church than any other of our prelates.' The Dean of Lancaster, called Dr. Pusey, says, 'The one is labelled poison, the other syrup. The one honestly proclaims its warning; to drink of it is willfully suicidal. The other dishonestly conceals its deadly drug, enticing the unwary by a honeyed edge.'

The very interesting and pretty boudoir which Marie Antoinette presented to the Marquis de Sade, was recently purchased by the Department of Science and Art, and now erected entire in the South Kensington Museum, and will be found well worthy of examination. As examples of quite another style of internal decoration, our readers could not do better than look at Stoddard's designs for the series of sculptures in relief which illustrate the Wars of the Roses in the Throne-room at Buckingham Palace. These charming and vigorous paintings are in the western corridor of the South Court at South Kensington.

A mysterious affair has occurred at South Penge. A lady named Fowler, living at No. 30, Weighton-road, was missed, and no trace of her could be found; but on Monday morning a servant, who happened to look out of an upper window of the next house, saw the body lying in a balcony formed by the roof of a bay that projects from the floor below. The face was found beside the corpse.

At the Cheltenham Police-court on Monday five summonses were made returnable against bakers of the town and district for adulteration of their bread with alum. The police have made a general visitation in the county for the purpose of detecting any cases similar to those referred to, and the result was the taking possession of upwards of 75 samples of gross adulteration. On Monday, however, only two of the summonses came on for hearing. Mr. Horley, the county analyst, spoke to the appearance of adulteration in the samples analysed, and the magistrates inflicted a fine in each case of 5s. with costs.

Those of our readers who take an interest in Croquet will be glad to hear that the Earl of Essex has consented to become president of Mr. Marjoribanks' croquet club, the members of the All England Croquet Club. They are backed by an influential committee, and the number of members is now over 100, and is rapidly increasing. Since the club decided on taking a ground with room for ten sets, the number of fresh candidates for election has shown that the important step of securing a first-rate ground near London is appreciated by lovers of Croquet. For the convenience of those who desire to support this fascinating game by adding their subscriptions to the funds of the All England Club, we may state that the address of the hon. secretary is 2, Old-square, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.

TWO HUSBANDS AND THEIR WIVES.—At the Clerkenwell Police-court on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Louisa Bulgheroni, of Laystall-street, Ligonard-street, was summoned for assaulting her husband. The complainant said he could not speak English, but it was stated that he had had sufficient knowledge of the language five months ago to persuade his wife, who was an Englishwoman, to elope with him on the morning she was to have been married to another man, and while the carriages to convey the wedding party to church were standing at the door. The other day he called his wife a bad name, and she in revenge went into a public-house where he was sitting with some friends, and threw at him a bag of flour over him. Mr. Barker ordered her to enter into her own recognisances for 5s. to keep the peace for three months. At Marlborough-street Police-court Mrs. Weaver, the wife of a carver and gilder in Wardour-street, was charged with repeatedly assaulting her husband. It was stated that she had previously been imprisoned for a like offence, and that she was drunk every day. The prisoner said that "her husband was in the habit of striking her, and she was in the habit of striking him." She admitted that she was at fault, and was sorry for it. She was ordered to find bail for six months.

What is called a "deaconesses' institution" has been formed in the diocese of Chester, and the scheme meets with the approbation both of Bishop and Dean, who delivered speeches at a meeting held in Chester on Tuesday for the purpose of giving publicity to and gaining support for the movement. The Bishop, however, insisted at a condition of his countenance that there should be nothing whatever in the shape of vows, or pledges of solemn engagement for any term of years, and no adoption of a dress likely to give offence.

Two women who are believed to have been concerned in extensive swindling transactions at Scarborough and in other parts of the country have been apprehended at Louth. On Tuesday they were removed to Scarborough, where previously they suddenly disappeared on the 4th inst., having previously

obtained from 1500. to 2000. worth of goods from various tradesmen. During their sojourn at that place they put down their names for 1000. towards the erection of a new church, but we are not told whether the money was forthcoming.

A MOTHER POISONING HER BABY.—Mr. Richards resumed on Wednesday morning the inquest on the body of the child of a woman named Adelaide Freedman, who had confessed that she had poisoned it with salts of lemon, and afterwards attempted to take her own life. Dr. Letheby stated that he had analysed the contents of the child's stomach and found in it a quantity of oxalic acid and potash, commonly known as "salts of lemon." It was stated that there had been insanity in the woman's family. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against the mother of the child," but expressed the opinion that she was insane at the time she committed the crime.

A Constantinople telegram states that the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Louis of Hesse, Count Eulenberg, and suite, arrived in the Bosphorus on Sunday morning, on board the Sultan's yacht, attended by Raouf Pasha, the Prussian corvette Hertha, and the gunboat Dolphin. The Grand Vizier and the Ottoman Minister at Berlin went on board to command the Sultan's yacht, and the Sultan and his suite awaited the Princes at the entrance of the Palace of Beglerbey, and gave them a cordial greeting. Subsequently the Prince of Prussia returned the visit of the Sultan at the Palace of Dolma-baghe.

THE NEW BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—The "confirmation" of the election of the Rev. George Moberly, D.D., formerly head-master of Winchester College, to the see of Salisbury, took place at Bow Church, Chiswick, on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock. The bishop elect arrived at the great vestry a few minutes before that hour, habited in his robes as a doctor of divinity, and attended by the Rev. R. W. Church, M.A., rector of Whatley, Somerset, and Messrs. Day and Hassard, of Great George Street, Westminster. His lordship was received by Sir Travers Twiss, Vice-General of the province of Canterbury, and Mr. R. H. St. John, Registrar of the province; Dr. Bayford, &c. After Morning Prayers the usual ceremony was gone through. The election being completed, the bells of Bow Church rang a good peal for the new bishop.

The number of women studying medicine at the University of Zurich increases steadily in geometric progression. Four years ago there were only two, the next year three, the next year four, last year there were eight, and there are now sixteen. We are assured (it is true by a partisan of the movement) that none of the inconveniences which it was feared might arise from women being allowed to share the school with men have at present been experienced, the classes are as large as ever, and the dean reports that the innovation has undoubtedly improved the discipline of the school.

There were 1,476 deaths registered in London last week, or 127 above the estimated number, and 171 more than were reported in the preceding week. The mortality from scarlet fever has again increased, 233 deaths from that cause having taken place. The total deaths from zymotic diseases were 509, which is 145 above the average. The mean temperature was 42.7 deg., which is 0.7 deg. below the average of the last fifty years.

A DYING SWAN.—The remembrance of the terrible shipwreck of the Evening Star, which had on board forty artists on their way to New York, is still fresh in the minds of our readers, indeed, in certain circles the painful impression it produced still lingers. The captain, who with a few of his sailors effected an almost miraculous escape, relates, according to *The Theatrical and Musical Review*, the following touching and dramatic incident of the wreck: Mlle. Honorine Ster, a singer much beloved and esteemed in the French provinces, was crouching on the deck with her companions whilst the dreadful tempest was threatening momentarily to overwhelm them. A gloomy terror was painted in every countenance. Suddenly Mlle. Ster was seized by a sudden spasm, and fell. Amidst the furious waves sweeping over the deck, amidst the dreadful danger, the courageous girl, clinging to a rope, began to sing a romance of Paul Henrien's entitled "Dieu seul me la rendra," the words of which were touchingly apt to the situation. Its subject is sad and simple. A poor sailor wept his drowned love. The dramatic contralto of the singer soared above the storm, her long rippling hair floating round her pale, inspired face at the mercy of the winds, gave her the appearance of a being from the world they were all so soon to enter. Her companions and even the crew, awestruck, felt themselves strangely veaned from the terrors of death by the weird notes that were melodiously issuing from her devoted lips. Just as she was repeating the sad refrain—

Dans son lit d'algues vertes
Qui la revêtaient
Sur la rive déserte
Dieu seul me la rendra.

a wave, larger than its predecessors, broke fiercely over the doomed ship, sweeping all before it, and the singer, engulfed as she was, pronounced the words "Dieu seul me la rendra," disappeared to rejoin beneath the deep, cruel sea, her harmoniously-voiced sisters. Ocean possessed one more siren. This was the last seen in this world of the ill-fated Honorine Ster.

Those ladies who have not yet tried the GLENFIELD STARCH are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to make than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's Laundress, that it is the finest Starch they ever used.

NEW INVENTION.—Sarsine Wine, a delicious stimulant steel tonic (each dose contains four grains' weight of steel) as bright and palatable as sherry. Is. 7d. Unlike quinine, it never produces headache. By the author of the celebrated "Chef" Sauce; the only sauce creamy and without sediment. Is. Sold by all grocers, &c.

SCIENCE AND ART.—A striking instance of the immense value a small piece of steel may acquire by the great power of skilled mechanical labour is the balance-spring of a watch. From its extreme fineness and delicacy 4,000 weight not more than one ounce, and exceed in value 1,000. A most interesting little work, describing the rise and progress of watch-making, has been published by J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond Street, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their pieces. Mr. Benson (who holds an appointment to the Prince of Wales) has also published a pamphlet on artistic gold jewellery, illustrated with the most beautiful designs of wedding, birthday, and other presents. These pamphlets are sent post free for two stamps each, and they cannot be too strongly recommended to those contemplating a purchase, especially to residents in the country or abroad, who are thus enabled to select any article they may require, and have it forwarded with perfect safety.

Education of Females.

THE following report has been presented to the Senate of Cambridge University by the syndicate appointed to conduct the examinations of persons not members of the university.

For the examination of women held in July last at two centres, London and Leeds, thirty-six candidates presented themselves. The examination was divided by the syndicate into the following groups: A—1. Religious knowledge; 2. Arithmetic; 3. English history; 4. English language and literature; 5. English composition. B—1. Latin; 2. Greek; 3. French; 4. German; 5. Italian. C—1. Euclid; 2. Algebra; 3. Plane trigonometry; 4. Conic sections; 5. Statics; 6. Astronomy; 7. Dynamics. D—1. Political economy; 2. Logic. E—1. Botany; 2. Geology and Physical Geography; 3. Zoology; 4. Chemistry. F—1. Music; 2. Drawing. Every candidate was required to satisfy the examiners in each of the papers set in group A, except those in religious knowledge. An aggregate minimum of marks to be obtained by every candidate on the compulsory papers in that group was also fixed by the examiners at their general meeting. Those candidates the sum of whose marks in those papers fell short of this standard were rejected. The examiners were well satisfied with the results of the examination. No difficulty was found in fixing standards of marks for the honour classes, and for the third, or pass class. These may be expected to be adhered to in future years.

For the information of candidates in future years a few general remarks are subjoined, suggested by the reports of different examiners. Notwithstanding advice given, there are very marked slowness in writing out answers to papers. Much valuable time was wasted in re-writing, scratching out, and drawing elaborate figures with instruments. A clear and legible handwriting is indeed essential, but no credit is given for mere calligraphy. Candidates must also bear in mind that no paper in any subject can be expected to be exhaustive. In each, especially in those of wider range, such as history and literature, large portions must necessarily be left untouched. On the other hand, they are requested to remember that in many papers they are not required to attempt more than a portion of the questions set. The number which candidates were allowed to attempt was, in some cases, this year distinctly limited, and a similar limitation will be applied next year to as many papers as possible. When this is not done, it will then be understood that the examiner who sets the paper considers that the time allowed admits of sufficient answers being written to all the questions proposed. Candidates accordingly are recommended to economise their time, and to leave to the last those questions which, to be answered properly, require essays rather than precise statements. In group B candidates are advised to do all the translations and compositions, even at the cost of neglecting some of the grammatical and critical questions. They are also reminded that if they are obliged to omit sentences and words in translating, asterisks should be inserted to show that it was done advisedly. Also, that in translating into English it is sometimes well to add marginal or foot notes to explain unusual idioms in the language on which they are engaged. It was perhaps not surprising that no candidate presented herself in Greek or in Logic. But the syndicate is with regret that no one came forward for any branch of Group E. A subject like Botany might have been expected to attract many candidates. It is possible, however, that the shortness of the time given for preparation may account for this, as well as for some of the deficiencies remarked by the examiners in the departments of study attempted by candidates. On the whole, the syndicate consider that this first attempt at putting into practice the scheme sanctioned by the grace of October 29, 1868, has been successful.

Russian Nuns and Russian Officials.

ST. PETERSBURG correspondent, writing on the 10th inst., says: "The Russian authorities are now in a curious difficulty with some Carmelite nuns near Dubno, in Volhynia. The affair has none of the horrible details which gave so strong an interest to that of the nun at Cracow, but it affords a very rare instance of obstinate and prolonged resistance on the part of a few women to the whole power of Russian officialism and orthodoxy. I may add that the facts I am about to relate are taken entirely from Russian sources. There is in the vicinity of the town of Dubno a Carmelite convent, and a short distance from the latter is a hermitage, which is said to have formerly been the residence of a Russian saint. This hermitage is built on an island in a river, which can only be reached by passing through the convent. Some eight years ago the Russian clergy applied to the Government for permission to convert the hermitage into a monastery for the Greek monks of Dubno, urging that this would be the most appropriate mode of honouring the saint who had formerly occupied it. The Government gave the required permission, and it was decided that the erection of the new buildings should commence in 1862. But when the architect came to superintend the conveyance of the building materials to the island, which (as above stated) could only be done by passing them through the convent, the lady superior declared that she could not permit the sacred building to be thus made a public highway, especially as it was proposed to send large processions from the town to the new monastery. Upon this the architect appealed to the civil authorities, who ordered a judicial inquiry into the right of way through the convent. The lady superior declared that this right had belonged to the convent for the last 200 years, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Zitimir warmly interceded in her behalf. Meanwhile the officials, or rather the clergy, who urged them on, grew impatient, and one day a commission, accom-

panied by an officer of gendarmes, appeared before the gates of the convent. On applying for admission, they were told that the gates were locked by order of the superior, and finding, after a long parley with the portress, that there was no chance of their being opened, they climbed over the wall. On reaching the entrance to the convent they were met by the assembled nuns, with the abbess at their head, who sternly called upon them to withdraw. The leader of the commission upon this strongly expressed his surprise at the conduct of the nuns, declaring that in the whole of his official career he had never met with a case of such bold resistance to authority. The superior, however, persisted in her opposition, and the commission ultimately decided that there was nothing for it but to go back again. As the portress still kept the door locked, the commission had to return in the same undignified way as they came. Since then many negotiations have taken place in order to induce the nuns to yield, but all in vain. The Russian newspapers now urge the Government to put an end to the difficulty by at once abolishing the convent, on the ground that the resistance of the nuns is an insult to the Russian nationality. While doing this they continue their objections to be allowed to retain the liberties given them by the last press law; but they can hardly expect to have their own rights maintained when in the same breath they incite the Government to violate those of others."

THE NEW INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLE.

The new "Mamma" infants' feeding bottle, to which we directed attention a few weeks ago, is, we hear, fast becoming a favourite in the nursery; and from the accounts that have reached us from ladies who have tried it, it fully answers to the sanguine expectations we were led to form of it. However desirous they may be to bring up their offspring at the breast, it is an incontestable fact that many mothers are quite unable to do so, deeply as they may deplore it; and, unhappily, the pressing claims of modern civilisation are such, not only on the time, but too often the health of ladies, that the number of those who, from physical weakness or other causes, are unable to fulfil what is undoubtedly one of the first and most blessed duties of maternity, is rapidly increasing. In most cases it is all important for the sake of the infant, no less than the parent, that either a "wet nurse" should be engaged or the feeding bottle brought early into requisition; and of course in the many cases where hand-feeding is intended not to supersede but only to supplement the natural means of sustenance, the bottle is the sole available agent for the administration. But how great are the difficulties that mothers too frequently experience in these instances, especially where the children are delicate, only mothers can fully appreciate. Infants, unless put to it from the birth, not seldom take an utter repugnance to the ordinary feeding bottle, and where they are weakly, parents and medical men alike fear the effects of that "forcing" process, which may have to be prolonged for days and weeks before the child can be induced to accept it. Then, again, when this repugnance is subdued, if it ever entirely is, how often the food is found to disagree with the infant, severe pain in the stomach invariably following in inhibition. In such cases it will generally be found, and particularly so if the child be not strong, that the little sufferer has really drawn into the stomach more wind than food, and that from the defective contraction of the bottle. Both these very serious defects are obviated by the "Mamma" bottle. There is no long and awkward tube, capped by a nipple that is liable to come off and choke the baby, but the nipple is attached to a beautiful elastic model from nature, which, getting warmed by the food, attracts and soothes the infant almost the same as the mother's breast; and hence it may be employed from the first, or substituted when the mother has found, after fair trial, that she is incapable of adequately fulfilling the tender office, without either repulsing or irritating the child. Then, also, the difficulties of inspiration and expiration when the ordinary bottle is used, and to which we have just alluded, are done away. By an ingeniously constructed, yet simple valve, the supply of food is regulated to the infant's requirements, and at the same time the food is prevented from running out, no matter how the bottle may be placed. There are other advantages, in the way of cleanliness, &c., but those we have enumerated are the most important, and will be sufficient to induce parents to give the bottle a fair trial.

It is mentioned that the congregation assembled in the parish church of a Cornish village were greatly astonished on a recent Sunday, when their minister went into the pulpit, to hear the following announcement: "My beloved parishioners, last Sunday evening I entered into an engagement of marriage with a gentleman of suitable age, a widow, and childless like myself. With God's assistance she will very shortly take the place of that beloved wife lying in the churchyard yonder." The promise of a speedy grave is a poor prospect for the lady, or she marries a gentleman who has a turn for bulls.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope, well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with precise directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.—Unless preventive measures be adopted, disease is apt to overtake the sensitive, feeble, and constitutionally delicate at these periods. These Pills are particularly recommended for allaying the first symptoms of disordered action, and repressing the first encroachments of ill-health. A careful perusal of the instructions folded round every box of Holloway's Pills will explain what the difficulty is, and how it can be remedied. The body will not be freed only from disease, but the blood will be purified and enriched, the whole digestive apparatus will be strengthened, and the nervous system will be invigorated. These Pills are calculated alike for removing ailments incidental to infancy, maturity, and old age.

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The Whirling Cap.
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The Liquid Gem.
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Thy Voice is Near.
Shylie Bawn.
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.
Grieve Not for Me.
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FRANZ ABT'S NEW SONGS. 3s.
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Jannine's Old Song.
Oh, ye Tears!
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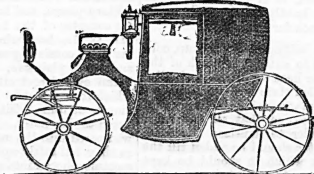
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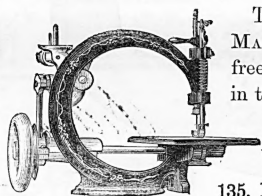
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